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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.

Suggestions for Improving the State of the River Thames, and the Drainage of London. By Thomas Cubitt, of Pimlico. Pp. 16. 1843.

Yes, 1843, six years ago, did this little pamphlet appear, the name and reputation of whose author, in any thoughtful community, ought to have preserved it from neglect. But charm ever so wisely, the apathy of the English world, engulphed in the pursuit of subsistence, wealth, or pleasure, is not to be disturbed; nor till some startling phenomenon bursts over their heads can they be roused to a sense of their danger, and, even after that, to consequent action. But a population of 2,200,000 in the capital and suburbs alone, with the death of one individual in a thousand weekly, or above five per cent. per annum, beyond the ordinary mortality, has awakened us, at last, to discussion, and it is to be hoped will lead to measures to secure the safety, and at the same time augment the comforts and enjoyments of this mighty multitude. It is true, that the dead in our intramural graveyards continue to avenge themselves on the living for the beastly burials bestowed upon them; not as the Christian service has it of dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, nor yet to the maternal bosom of Earth, but as putrefaction to masses of earlier putrefaction, of the recent corpse to a disgusting compost of preceding generations. How so vile a practice can be tolerated after demonstration of its fatal consequences is absolutely astounding.

But let us turn to the general subject and the considerations called forth by Mr. Cubitt's most valuable *Suggestions*.

There are **THREE THINGS** which should be done, and which can be done, to render London,—London the richest city in the universe,—London the boasted seat of science and philosophy,—London at the head of civilization in the progress of improvement,—there are **THREE THINGS** which can and ought to be done to rescue it from filth, pollution, and unhealthiness, and make it cleanly, sweet, and salubrious. These three things are, the Consumption of its smoke, the supply of Ever-percolating water, and the perfect Drainage of its sewers and cesspools, without poisoning the glorious river on which it stands, and creating a mortal malaria for the uncountable inhabitants on its banks.

It is to the last and greatest of these evils, that Mr. Cubitt so long ago called the public attention, by pointing out that the then state of the Thames produced a destructive influence on the people—

“By filling the atmosphere with noxious vapours, and thus destroying the invigorating quality of the air, which must of necessity be also otherwise greatly deteriorated by many causes, arising from a district so densely crowded as London.”

And adding,

“The principal evil seems to be, that the river is made the general receiver of the filthy matter of the town, by all the sewers emptying their contents into it, there to be carried up and down, with every turn of the tide, from Richmond to Gravesend, only a small portion escaping towards the sea.

“An extraordinary change has taken place in the Thames within the last few years, so as very much to alter its character; for, in addition to its active commercial business, it has now become a most important highway for passengers, and probably no other place in the whole world has anything approaching to the same proportion of persons traversing over its surface, as the space between Greenwich and Chelsea, caused by the extensive employment of the small steam vessels, which are still rapidly increasing; proving that the easy and eco-

nomical mode of transit, which they afford, is getting more and more in the favour of the public, who take advantage of it both for business and recreation. But instead of the clear, natural stream which it presents at Richmond, and the charm of a beautiful transparent surface to delight and refresh the minds of the many thousand persons who daily pass over it, it has now become, from the quantity of sewerage discharged into it, an opaque, thick, dark-looking, nasty puddle, alike unpleasant to the sight and offensive to the senses of the vast numbers who seek this mode of conveyance. Many of them hope to benefit by the change which this speedy and cheap conveyance affords; but all are made liable to inhale the noxious vapours that escape from the compound liquid upon which they are moving, and which are increased by the constant agitation and stirring up, as well as by the changes of temperature.”

Here is a simple, straightforward, unexaggerated statement of the case by a gentleman of superior ability, and the greatest practical experience; there are no rhetorical flourishes as in public speaking, or personal interests, but the unadorned fact to which he bears witness, that it may be reflected upon and redressed, for the benefit of the community of which he is an individual member. The potent means of our Water Companies are then described, and how their disposal does contribute much, and might contribute far more, to improve our sanitary condition, and regenerate every dirty habit.

“But,” he subjoins, “we are not acting fairly to these companies, nor are we doing our duty to ourselves, as the principal source of the supply is kept in an impure state, by the bad water running back to the river immediately, to have the same operation again performed.”

We have next a painful contrast with foreign countries, and a strikingly comprehensive view of the metropolis as it really is, with regard to its sewerage.

“That the river is in a disgraceful state is notorious. Any person observing the colour and thick state of the water, and seeing the great deposit of mud left on the shores at low water (except when agitated by the steamboats), will acknowledge how fearfully bad it is. This subject seems to be particularly observed by foreigners, who are astonished at the appearance of our river, and wonder how a people like the English can suffer such a nuisance to exist. Many foreigners are proud of their rivers, hence they look at ours, and what escapes the observation of many of us, who are so deeply interested, is noticed by them; and they see that in this, at least, we have a very defective arrangement.”

“It should be recollected that the evil is daily increasing in a greater proportion than the population, owing to the different plan now adopted. Formerly every house had its cesspool to receive the filth, the water only running off, and this is still the case in most other towns, particularly out of England. These cesspools require occasionally to be emptied, and their contents carried away, which is a sad operation to be performed, especially in large towns; yet it possesses this advantage, that the manure is preserved and rendered available. London, now being so well supplied with water, has little need of cesspools; consequently, in the new districts, large masses of houses are occupied, that have no accumulation of noxious matter collecting beneath the surface, as the whole is conducted, by the water so supplied, to the sewers, and from thence to the river.

“Originally these sewers were the brooks, or natural water-courses of the country, passing over the parts that happened to be the lowest, though often very circuitous and crooked; but, as the town has

grown larger, these channels have become very important sewers. Their position, however, is often very unfavourable for the carrying off the great load of heavy matter that has to pass through them.

“By the present arrangement, which is of long standing, the sewers of the metropolis are divided into several districts, which are governed by different acts of parliament, each district having separate commissioners, who appoint and regulate the duties of their officers, and adopt such rules for making and repairing the sewers and drains, as they conceive to be the best suited to their particular localities. As the law now stands, there seems little room for improvement in the manner of working out the system; the general desire of each commission having been to carry out that plan of operation that will best promote the public interest; and, as far as my experience has gone, I beg to offer my humble testimony to the great ability, zealous and persevering attention, bestowed by them upon the subjects under their charge, both by the commissioners and their officers; but as their jurisdiction is bounded by that part of the river upon which their several districts abut, the discharge of their sewers must be confined within that limit.”

We do admire this rational, sensible, and most intelligent style of writing. From it we understand the whole subject better in three or four pages, than we would in volumes of declamation and appeals to the passions. And now we know how the matter stands, let us ask, what remedy did Mr. Cubitt suggest six years ago? He tells us—

“My idea is, that the best means of obviating this evil would be to conduct the sewer drainage at once from the west and north parts of London, by the shortest and straightest lines that can be found, to a place to the east of the town (and perhaps the low lands of Plaistow or Barking Level would be the best calculated for the purpose), and there, near to the river, to form one or more very large reservoirs to receive the discharge from the sewers, where it should remain during the flow of the tide, having gates or sluices to be opened as the tide goes down; so that it would only be allowed to mix with the river when on its passage to the sea, the gates being closed before the tide changes. By this plan none of the sewer water could travel back to London.

“With this view, very deep sewers might be made, of sufficient capacity to take a large quantity of water in the most direct way, and to receive the contents of all the sewers crossing the lines.”

The courses of these deep sewers the writer details, and remarks—

“Were the subject of drainage properly taken up, the whole of the nuisance might in a few years be removed from the river, and the water left clear and wholesome.”

He also suggests, that the nuisance of foul air escaping from sewers and drains into the streets could be remedied by tall shafts and fires to exhaust the receptacles and draw in fresh air, and also by the use of steam engines to lift the water in low places; but he adds—

“I have no doubt but that sufficient fall may be found to effect a complete drainage from all parts about London, and extending considerably on all sides, without requiring any aid from machinery.”

The expense is next canvassed and shown to be no obstacle to the grand design. And near the conclusion Mr. Cubitt reverts to a point upon which we should have entered into some question with him, were we not of opinion that what he looks forward to in the following quotation, is now readily practicable, and that not one particle of London filth need ever pollute one wave of “the silver Thames.”

"It may be," he predicates, "that if the contents of the sewers were collected in the low lands of Essex, by Barking level, or other convenient place by the side of the river, an opportunity would be afforded of making some experiments as to the propriety of extracting some part, at least, of the immense quantity of fertilising matter that is now wasted."

We are convinced that both the liquid and solid contents may be most profitably treated so as to fertilise thousands of acres in every part of the country.* But the first great measure is to purify the River, from Brentford and Richmond to Erith and Gravesend, without being exposed to re-infection; and the next to take care that no injury should be caused by the sewerage at the locality to which it is conveyed. After these two points are carried, the rest, though vastly important, offers but secondary considerations.

The competing projects of Mr. Austin and Mr. Phillips are now receiving the attention they deserve, and from the Reports of the later meetings of the Commissioners of Sewers, we are led to anticipate no small amount of engineering conflict upon so large and tempting a subject. The schism among the Commissioners is about the worst feature in the case; for we can hardly expect any essential good from a party so divided and at war within itself. And while we are on this topic, especially where retrospection is concerned, ought we to forget the zealous and persevering labours in the cause, of Mr. John Martin, the eminent painter. For a dozen of years and more, like the voice of one crying in the desert, he has not ceased to invoke the public sympathy to the conservation of the Thames. No river God or Father could have shown himself more jealous of its purity; and his plans for ensuring it, though sanctioned by authoritative reports, have just met the same disregard as the suggestions of Mr. Cubitt. Mr. Martin has nevertheless, not discouraged, reprinted his *Thames and Metropolis Improvement Plan*; and we need not say, that whilst it deserves every notice at this period of inquiry, preparatory to operations, it is impossible to award too much honour to Mr. Martin, for his anxious and unceasing efforts to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished, by every living being within the boundaries and breathing the atmosphere of the British capital. He must have been at much expense, and hitherto in a very thankless pursuit. Yet do we all owe him a heavy debt of gratitude; which we trust to see marked at no distant period by a satisfactory public recognition.

Of the Smoke Consumption we shall say nothing more at present, than that we believe it to be perfectly practicable, and that Londoners might easily enjoy clear skies and the sight of the sun twenty times more than they do now. In providing for the continued Percolation of Water, instead of being too often kept in vitiated tanks and cisterns till it poisons instead of freshening the air, there is no difficulty whatever, and we are assured, upon authority on which we can safely rely, that the additional expense would be very inconsiderable.

Fancy London then! Every offensive and unwholesome odour removed and imperceptible to the sense! The heavens bright, the orb of day clearly shining, not as seen through smoked glass in eclipse, above our heads, and the pure, glorious Thames running sparkling in his beams. The domestic hearth, even of the poorest, supplied with the main element of all domestic comfort, good fresh water; and the health of above two millions of souls preserved from typhus and many painful diseases, and especially from that terrible scourge which is now scattering death through every rank and condition of the population! We would, independently of the inestimable increase of every enjoyment, calculate the average lengthening of Life in London at not less than five years.

* See preceding *Literary Gazette* on Mr. Jasper Rogers' Experiments; and also a pamphlet by Mr. Cuthbert Johnson (Ridgways) on the fertilising matter wasted from the London sewerage system. We observe, also, that an experiment by Mr. Goldworthy Garney has just been authorized by the Commissioners of Sewers, at their meeting on Thursday.

ALFRED THE GREAT.
Moderate Monarchy. Principles of the British Constitution in 1849, &c. By Francis Steinitz. Longmans.

MAY you live a thousand years (*We* are proud of having it in honourable Literary Diploma) is the Spanish greeting, and Alfred the Great (born in 849) has, in mortal life and immortal history, existed exactly that period at the present 1849. In the reign of George the Third, in many respects no unworthy successor to his throne, Albert V. Haller published his history in German, which M. Steinitz (author of the *Ship, its Origin and Progress*) has translated, and to it appended commentaries and notes, making it applicable to the present time of political theories, convulsion, and revolution. It is altogether a curious volume, and the publishers have put it into a binding garb as quaint as the quaintest of the author's remarks. A portrait of Alfred also forms the frontispiece, and the Queen on her throne, supported by Wellington and Peel, as it were Lion and Unicorn, illustrates the vignette. With the biography of Alfred the *Literary Gazette* need not meddle, though there is something original in the view of it by a foreigner; but as the principal novelty lies in the notes, we shall just specify two or three of them, by way of indicating the character of the work. On the appellation "*Nation of Shopkeepers*," M. Steinitz says, "Amund (the sagacious and faithful minister of Alfred) observes, that 'among the Serens there are too many shopkeepers and artisans.' And Napoleon called the British 'a nation of shopkeepers.' Both had probably the same idea in using those expressions; for the lower kind of trade admits, in truth, of no elevation of mind, which varies in man according to his occupation; and notwithstanding our esteem for men in general, (to whatever class they may belong,) we cannot deny that constant occupation in minor matters, with the apparent necessity of practising a little fraud, abases man so low as to disregard probity; and for that reason we consider a working man as much higher than a shopkeeper. But Napoleon, who very well understood military tactics, politics, and something of fine arts, does not seem to have—nor that he ever would have—conceived the poetical and superior side of high trade. It is not profit alone that induces men to undertake great mercantile enterprises. There is a charm in the combination and execution of extensive mercantile transactions, in which one man employs innumerable branches. Foreign settlements, productions, ships, circumstances of war and peace, famine and abundance, are all instruments for the execution of his will; and he holds the thread of all the different means which he employs, and calculates their strength and effects as well as Napoleon did that of his different *corps d'armées*. The high trade is really a grand occupation, but its abuses alone abase man; and a nation as England *was* at the end of the last century—the highest in the world—cannot be compared to one of 'shopkeepers.'

"But with all the credit that we give to the high station of the merchant in society, we cannot deny that while he remains in commercial activity, he is unfit for public business; his mind is wholly engrossed with fear and hope, not only in business time, but in every moment that he is awake—in his dreams—in the circle of his family and friends—in places of public amusement, and perhaps even of worship; as it is almost impossible for a man, whose existence depends partly on chance, to suppress these ideas, which constantly occupy him: and if merchants rise to high public functions, and remain at the same time in mercantile business, examples have already proved that the latter must suffer from it. As concerns shopkeepers, Montesquieu relates that, 'Tout bas commerce était infâme chez les Grecs. Il aurait fallu qu'un citoyen eût rendu des services à un esclave, à un locataire, à un étranger: cette idée choquait l'esprit de la liberté grecque. Aussi Platon veut-il, dans ses lois, qu'on punisse un citoyen qui ferait le commerce.'

And again, on the "Moral degradation" held to be "produced by Comfort," he adds, "Notwithstanding

our observations on the high trade in the foregoing note, we cannot conceal that almost every trading nation sinks to the degree expressed by the words in page 89, as history informs us of the Carthaginians, Venetians, &c. The acquired wealth of some individuals weakens and enervates their nobler minds; and competition compels others to think 'merely of the means of subsistence.' Both consider comfort as of essential, and honour of secondary importance, to human existence; and both must be aroused by adverse circumstances to consider them in any other light."

Of our reforms in legislation M. Steinitz has a very poor opinion, and observes, "Certainly, if a foreigner, after reading Blackstone, was informed that the judges of England met together on certain occasions, to discuss questions so difficult, as to be reserved for their united wisdom, he would form to himself a notion of all that was most wise, venerable, and imposing. At such a gathering of sages, he would naturally think must be congregated all that practical wisdom, the fruit of grey experience and exact theory, the result of long and intimate acquaintance with the treasured wisdom of ages, that could bear upon the conflicting and shifting phenomena of life. At such a meeting, all the great doctrines upon which the fabric of society, whatever be its form, must ultimately rest, must needs be sifted, examined, and illustrated."

"But great would be the disappointment of the stranger when he learned that the time of so august an appeal has been wasted in discussions of trifling objects in the form, and not in the spirit of the law. The new example of late court-sittings attests what an uncertain lottery the British judiciary is; how the innocent may be punished, and the guilty escape, under favour of a system, in which the worst precedent often overrules all reason, and retards all justice. But cruelty, delay, and uncertainty, are not the only public hardships resulting from the retention of old laws, usages, forms, and obsolete or questionable institutes. Other evils, moral as well as legal, flow from the same deleterious source. Oath-making, affidavit-making, solemn affirmations of religious belief, declaration against bribery at elections, or on the property qualification of members of parliament, against corruption in the disposal of civil offices of East India patronage, against the supremacy of the Pope, and in favour of the Protestant succession and the Protestant Church establishment,—all these, in many cases, are held to be forms only, but they are pernicious forms, the superfluous observance of which has tended to undermine the security of public and private transactions, and impair immeasurably the general integrity and veracity of the community. We therefore heartily wish that Amund's observation may be appreciated by those whose occupation it is to give laws to the country."

So old are rationality and common sense, and so apt are they to be overladen by wisdom, precedent, and accumulated improvement!

On the whole, the author takes a fair and rational view of the British Constitution, and its working in our day, and the temperance of his judgments entitle them to public attention and respect, though thrown together in a very miscellaneous manner. A few blemishes have escaped the care of the reviser, and we always like to point out even these trivial errors, because they deform a good work, and can, and ought to be, so easily avoided. Thus, page 322, we have no less an authority than Mr. Porter annihilated by being twice printed Potter, and at page 303 we read the following, without being able to catch its meaning. The author is speaking of the Church of England with warm eulogy, and he says,

"Its Liturgy is above all human praise; and, its enemies being judges, is nearly a perfect composition."

If the second "*is*" were out, we could more readily perceive the import, but as it *is*, the sentence smacks of the Germanisms scattered through the book. We will not, however, dismiss it with the words of dispraise, but repeat that the biography is interesting reading, and that the comments contain much useful matter.



ENGLAND OF OLD!

Pilgrimages to Saint Mary Walsingham and Saint Thomas Canterbury. By Desiderius Erasmus, &c. Newly translated, and illustrated, with notes, By J. Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Nichols and Son.

Good taste in embellishment and interesting antiquarian intelligence in illustrating two remarkable conditions of olden times, are among the most obvious merits of this very neat and curious volume. Considerable portions of the work are very little known to English readers; and even the most familiar accounts, pertaining to St. Thomas of Canterbury, have received corrections and distinctness from Mr. Nichols' research and information. The colloquy on Rash Vows, or Pilgrimages to Sacred Places, is, especially, a congenial addition; and nowhere does the ironical humour and satire of Erasmus shine more keenly than in this dialogue. But the whole performance is full of fine wit; and in no work of the kind have the abuses of the Church of Rome been more caustically handled than in these writings, nearly three centuries and a half ago. And yet how replete with sound sense and instructive lessons, of the best order, is the book. When Dean Colet founded St. Paul's School, for example, he employed Erasmus to look out for masters, and in his course he relates the following anecdote of a Scotch Philosopher.

"I am (he writes) reminded of an incident which will make you smile. Whilst I was making some overtures respecting an Under-master, among the masters of arts, one of them (not the lowest in repute) said with a sneer, 'Who could bear to pass his life in that school among a parcel of boys, when he could possibly get his living anywhere else?' I quietly replied, that the office of instructing youth in good manners and literature appeared to me a particularly honourable one, and that Christ had not despised that period of life, which was the best qualified for the reception of good, and the most promising of a fruitful return, since it was as it were the seedplot and nursery of the State. I added, that all men of true piety were agreed that no service was more acceptable to the Almighty than that of bringing children to Christ. But upon this he turned up his nose, and derisively said, 'If any one wants to be altogether the servant of Christ, he should enter a monastery and follow its rule.' I answered, that Paul places true religion in the duties of charity; and that charity consists in benefiting our neighbours to the utmost of our power. He rejected this sentiment as not orthodox. 'Well,' he added, 'you see we scholars have left all, and must therefore be in a state of perfection.' No man, I replied, can be said to have left all, who, when he has the power to benefit many by his exertions, declines the office because he deems it too humble. And so, to avoid further dispute, I took my leave of him. Take this as a sample of the wisdom of a Scotist, and a taste of his charming conversation."

Of the Primate, William Warham, the portrait drawn by Erasmus is very striking; it is thus finished:

"He found time sufficient to discharge religiously the solemn duty of prayer, to perform mass almost daily, to be present besides at two or three services, to hear causes, to receive embassies, to advise the king if anything of importance had arisen in court; to visit his churches, wherever his presence was required; to receive his guests, often amounting to two hundred; and lastly, his leisure was given to reading. For occupations so various he found one life sufficient, no part of which he bestowed on hunting, none on dice, none on empty tales, none on luxury or pleasures. In the place of all these amusements he had either some agreeable reading, or conversation with a learned man. Although he sometimes had bishops, dukes, and earls as his guests, yet dinner was always finished within the space of one hour. In the midst of a sumptuous table, as his dignity demands, it is incredible to say how he abstained from all delicacies. He rarely tasted wine, but generally, when already a septuagenarian, used to drink very weak ale, which they there call beer, and even that very sparingly. Moreover, when he had taken the smallest quantity of food, yet with the kindness of his looks, and the cheerfulness of his discourse, he

enlivened the whole table. You perceived the same gravity either before or after dinner. He abstained entirely from suppers, or if some of his intimate friends, of which number we were, happened to be with him, he sat down, but scarcely touched the viands; but if no such company were there, he spent the time of supper either in prayer or in reading. And as he abounded himself in very happy pleasantries, but far removed from bitterness or indecorum, so he was pleased with the more free jests of his friends: yet he shrunk as much from scurrility or detraction as any would do from a serpent. Thus this excellent man made those days abundantly long, of the shortness of which so many complain."

Piers Plowman, and Chaucer, of course, figure in the illustrations; but Mr. Nichols has consulted the original sources for his notes on the history, architecture, pilgrimages, events, and results connected with the two famous places which are the chief subjects of this publication; but as we abstain from theological matters, we shall merely quote an incidental passage or two which treat of secular affairs. Erasmus is indignant with the impositions of the English coast and water-men, when any foreigners have occasion to cross the Channel; so that modern grievances in this way are not without precedent.

"On leaving England after his first visit, in 1499, a regulation was put in force against him, which prohibited any person from carrying out of the country coin exceeding in amount six angels. The king's officers at Dover took from him all the money he had above that sum, nearly twenty pounds, thus in fact depriving him of the fruits of his learned labours in England. (See his *Epistolæ*, Nos. 62, 80, 94.)

"Again, when he passed over the straits in the year 1514, he suffered from what he deemed a wanton error, which he thus described to his friend Ammonius: 'The passage was most fortunate, but still anxious to me. The sea perfectly calm, the wind favourable, the weather delightful, the time most convenient. For we sailed at about seven o'clock. But those maritime thieves carried my portmanteau, which was full of my writings, into another ship: a thing they do on purpose, in order that, if they find any suitable opportunity, they may steal away something; but if not, they extort some money, and sell you your own property. And so, when I supposed I had lost the work of so many years, I felt so troubled in mind that I think no parent could feel more on the death of his children. And indeed in all other matters they treat travellers in such sort, that it might be better to fall into the hands of Turks than theirs. I have often wondered with myself that these dregs of men are tolerated by the princes of England, to the great molestation of their visitors, and not without the highest disgrace of the whole island, considering every one on returning home relates how inhumanly he was received, and others form their opinion of the nation from the acts of these robbers.'"

Erasmus left a votive inscription in Greek at Walsingham, and thus ridicules the want of learning in England to understand it. He has revisited the scene, and the Prior and Monks, &c., converse with him.

"Og. We had completed our inquiries, and were preparing to depart, walking about in the meantime, and looking whether there was anything more, worthy of observation, when again some of the inferior brethren were at hand, who looked at us askance, pointed with their fingers, ran forwards, retired, ran forwards again, nodded, and appeared inclined to address me, if they had but courage enough.—Me. Did not that alarm you? Og. Nay, I turned my face towards them, smiling, and looking as if I would invite them to speak. At length one approached, and asked my name: I gave it. He then inquires whether I was the same person who three years before had fixed up a votive inscription in Hebrew characters? I confessed I was the man.—Me. Did you then write it in Hebrew? Og. Oh no! but they call Hebrew whatever they do not understand. Presently there came up, summoned by them as I suppose, the Protos-Hysteros of that convent.—Me. What sort of dignity do you call that? Have they not an abbat?

Og. No.—Me. Why so? Og. Because they do not understand Hebrew.—Me. Nor a Bishop? Og. Oh dear, no!—Me. Why? Og. Because the Virgin, even now, is too poor to buy the expensive mitre and staff.—Me. Not even a provost? Og. Not even that.—Me. What prevents it? Og. Because Provost is a name of dignity, not of sanctity. And so colleges of canons reject the name of Abbat, and willingly adopt that of Provost.—Me. But I never before heard of this protos-hysteros. Og. Then you are shockingly unskilled in grammar.—Me. I have heard of the hysteropton in rhetoric. Og. You have it. This man, who is next to the Prior, is the Posterior-Prior.—Me. You mean the Sub-Prior. Og. He saluted me very courteously. He tells me how laboriously many had strived to read those verses: how many spectacles had been wiped in vain: how often some old doctor of theology or of law had come, and been conducted to the inscription. Some had said they were Arabic characters, some that they had no meaning: at last one was found who read the title. That was written in Latin words and characters, but in capitals. The verses were Greek, written in Greek capitals, which at first sight seemed to look like Latin capitals. When requested, I gave the meaning of the verses in Latin, rendering them word for word. I had then repented to decline a reward offered for this little task, but I declared that nothing was so difficult that I would not most eagerly undertake in the service of the most holy Virgin, even if she were to send me with letters to Jerusalem.—Me. What need could she have for you as a letter-carrier, when so many angels attend her both at her hands and feet?"

With this sarcasm we would finish, but that we are tempted by a curious enumeration of appearances as an argument against being too incredulous. Menedemus on refusing to believe in a certain miracle, relating to the toad stone, "precious jewel," Ogygius remarks that he seems to be very unskilled in natural history; on which the colloquy proceeds:—

"Me. Why so? Because I do not believe that asses fly? Og. Are you not aware how the hand of Nature sports in the representation of the colours and shapes of all things, not only in her other works, but particularly in precious stones? Then what wonderful powers has she bestowed upon those stones, utterly incredible, unless experience had practically given us faith! Tell me, would you believe that steel untouched would be attracted by the magnet, and again be repelled by the same, unless you had seen it with your eyes?—Me. No indeed, although ten Aristotles had sworn it. Og. You must not, then, pronounce everything fabulous that you have not already ascertained by your own experience. In ceratonia we see the resemblance of lightning; in pyropus living flames; in chatazia both the appearance and the cold of hail, even if you cast it into the midst of the fire; in the emerald the deep and pellucid waves of the sea; the carcinias imitates the form of a sea-crab, the cepites that of a serpent, the scorites of a fish, the hieracites of a hawk; the geranites shows the mimic head of a crane; the ægophthalmus shows a goat's eye; there is one which has a pig's eye, another three human eyes together; the lycophthalmus has a wolf's eye painted in four colours,—fiery-red and sanguine, and in the midst black bordered with white; if you open a black cymea you find in the middle a bean; the dryites imitates the trunk of a tree, and also burns like wood; cissites and narcissites represent ivy; astrapias casts rays of lightning from a white or azure centre; phlegonites shows a fire within, which cannot come forth; in anthracites you may see some sparks shoot out; crociis gives the colour of the crocus, rhodites of the rose, chalcites of brass; ætites resembles an eagle with a fiery tail; taos has the figure of a peacock; chelidonia of an asp; myrmecites has the figure of a creeping ant within it; cantharias exhibits an entire beetle; scorites wonderfully represents a scorpion. But why should I pursue these things, which are innumerable, whilst there is no part of nature, either in the elements, or in animals or in plants, which she, as if in wantonness, has not

imitated in stones? Do you wonder, then, that a toad is figured in this gem?—*Me.* I wonder that Nature should find sufficient leisure so to sport in the imitation of everything. *Og.* She wished to exercise the ingenuity of the human intellect, and even thus to drive us from idleness."

With this we close a volume which has greatly pleased us; and must, we think, greatly please a vast majority of readers. The wood cuts are numerous and the subjects skilfully chosen. One thing more we must mention in Mr. Nichols' annotations, which is deserving of much praise in an archaeological illustrator. Where he cannot trace the allusion, he frankly confesses it; and does not slur it over, or pretend to explain what he does not know. It is a right example, and *O si sic omnes!*

UNIVERSITY ABUSES.

England in the Days of Wiclif. By the Rev. H. S. M. Hubert. Longmans.

THIS is rather a curious contrasted view of England in the days of Wiclif and England in our day. The author spares neither era, and if our forefathers had their errors, vices, and crimes, he makes it pretty clear that we have ours in no inferior abundance. Were the clergy luxurious then? so are they now. Did envy, pride, selfishness, intemperance, and profligacy mark the fourteenth century? they are not wanting to the nineteenth. Were Mammon-worship, dishonesty, fraud, and imposition common? they have rather grown rampant than fallen off in intensity. In short, we are the lineal descendants and flourishing representatives of the sinners of that ancient time, with only a few changes in the figures and fabric of society to distinguish us. Let us, for instance, hear what our reverend author and M.A. says of the luxury common to both:—

"Luxury is undoubtedly extremely prevalent among the higher ranks of the clergy; but it is nowhere more conspicuous and rampant than in our universities; where the evil example which it affords has a most pernicious effect, not only upon the young students, but also upon the country at large.

"The great extravagance of the University of Cambridge, in providing entertainments of the extremest luxury on the occasion of the installation of Prince Albert, is a painful instance in point. When that lavish expenditure was made, but a few short months had elapsed since the desolating effects of famine in one part of the kingdom, and the high prices of corn in every part, had spread gloom and fearful foreboding throughout the country; and a solemn fast had been ordained to implore divine forgiveness of our great and manifold transgressions; and yet, after the brief interval of a few short months, the higher members of the University of Cambridge (a large majority of whom are clergymen) vied with even the sumptuous entertainments of the court in a spirit of almost unlimited luxury.

"Not in college only, but out of college also, a fearful example of wasteful extravagance was given on that occasion, and the tables at the public breakfast were so laden with delicate luxuries, that the price of two guineas is said to have been demanded for each ticket of admission.

"When so many poor creatures were literally starving for lack of necessary food, who that reads his bible with any degree of attention can doubt, that these glaring acts of extravagant waste, and such as these, have largely contributed to bring down the righteous judgments of the Almighty upon the people of this land.

"Let it not be urged in excuse that such costly entertainments were necessary as a testimony of the loyalty of the university; for if the entertainments had been conducted upon a far simpler and more economical scale, we can readily believe that her most gracious majesty, anxious as she is for the welfare of her subjects, would have regarded them with greater favour than the expensive banquets which were spread for her and her royal consort. And may we not believe that the Queen would have considered the higher clergy of that university were better fulfilling their duty to the young students, and to the

country at large, by giving an example of frugality, which, coming from such a body, would have added great weight to the exhortations of pious clergymen, in their earnest endeavours to induce the people of this country to return to a more simple and inexpensive mode of living; and to put an end to that heartless luxury which has so large a share in laying waste, with a grim and desolate destruction, the thin and emaciated frames of thousands of poor workmen and their families in England, who cannot procure a sufficient supply of daily food.

"The example of extravagance thus set by the governing members of the university is also a very mischievous one in other respects; and just such an example as must strongly tend to encourage such of the young students as are inclined to be spendthrifts in their wasteful and extravagant habits."

Again, of Selfishness:—

"Thousands of prosperous people there are in this country at the present time, who are free to heap every imaginable luxury upon themselves and their families, but who, if asked to contribute to any charitable object, seem to say by their looks, if not by their words, 'I want it all for self and family: I have nothing to give away; let them go to the board.'

"The conduct towards their poor neighbours of thousands in this country at the present day, whose eyes stand out with fatness, and who have more than heart can wish, may be truly compared to 'a hound in a kitchen,' ready to snap greedily at everything within their reach, totally regardless of the claims and the necessities of others.

"There was never perhaps a time, moreover, when so large a number of persons could be found as in this country at the present day, who are constantly engaged in *driving hard bargains*, and whose sole aim seems to be to screw down those with whom they have any dealings to the lowest possible price, often lower than to allow of any profit, much less a living profit. And so far are such persons from being ashamed of such grasping and selfish ways, that they even glory in them, boast of such conduct as evidence of their skill in and knowledge of business, and speak of themselves as though they had given proofs of extraordinary sagacity, if by screwing down the people with whom they deal, they can get their work done cheaper than others.

"In brief, the good rule 'live and let live,' is completely banished from the practice of thousands of prosperous persons in this country, who, notwithstanding they possess abundant means, live in the constant practice of grasping and hard-hearted selfishness."

Of Intemperance, the following is a droll exposition:—

"Though mental intemperance is less gross than bodily intemperance, yet, it must be acknowledged, it is highly mischievous in its results, and therefore very sinful.

"This insobriety of mind manifests itself in an excessive taste for such assemblies as soirées, concerts, and reunions, and its extensive prevalence is proved by that hyper-refinement with which music, both vocal and instrumental, is cultivated at the opera and elsewhere, for the gratification of the predominant taste for intoxicating mental excitement.

"Nor is this mental inebriation confined to assemblies convened for amusement alone; it intrudes itself into the calm pursuits of science, (as the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Agricultural Society, and the Archaeological Society, testify,) and a strenuous attempt is made to convert the sciences, which can only flourish in the cool shade of tranquil meditation, into the instruments of a morbid excitement.

"How uncongenial such meetings are to scientific pursuits was fully proved a few years ago by the excitement which was produced by the reading of a showy paper on the possibility of turning coals into diamonds; and such a sensation was thereby produced in the Assembly, that the author of the most valuable and original paper of the year, declined to read his lecture, from the impression that, coming after the

details of the diamond-manufacturing process, it would appear so flat and insipid as to be barely tolerated by the majority of the audience."

Piers Ploughman and Chaucer furnish Mr. Hubert with most of his fourteenth century matter; that of the nineteenth, as may readily be seen, is his own. And we conclude with one other example, on Mammon-worship:—

"Widely prevalent as was an idolatrous reverence for money in the fourteenth century, surely it fell very far short of the almost universal mammon-worship which prevails in this country at the present day. People in general do not enquire whether a man is a virtuous man, a good man, or godly man, (such a question being with some of mere secondary and subordinate importance, and with the majority of no importance at all,) but they ask what are his connections? what his prospects in life? how much money has he? and if these last questions are satisfactorily answered, the generality of people do not care one straw about any thing else. Indeed it is an undeniable truth, that there is a very large class of people in this nominally christian country by whom money is considered as a full atonement for every vice, and a full substitute for every virtue. And on the other hand, if a man is poor, no matter how good, and virtuous, and godly he may be, he is sure to be despised for his poverty."

We are afraid to confess how much truth there is in these pictures. "Progress," "going ahead," and "improving," seem all to tend only to the same aggravation of human frailties, guilt, and evil consequences.

EMIGRATION.

Past and Future Emigration, or, The Book of the Cape. Edited by the Author of "Five Years in Kafirland." Newby.

A STRONGLY written book advocating the immigration of convicts to labour at the Cape of Good Hope, and severely censuring the whole system of our colonial policy. The following passage will suffice to show the author's views and object in publishing:—

"On the one hand it is asserted that the Missionaries have been the cause of all the mischief resulting from the so-called spiritual education of the savage; while another party seeks to prove the conversion of some thousands of the coloured population to Christianity.

"Both these assertions are equally unjust and untrue. Many excellent men have been busied in doing good: but these men are by no means disposed to indulge the Savages they teach in their vicious propensities, and they are alarmed and disgusted at that spirit of fanaticism, mock philanthropy, call it what you will, which has led to the delusion of people at home, and done real injury to the interests of the Gospel of Christ.

"It is not surprising that illiterate men should be found, who, under the mask of religion, spread discontent, distrust, and idleness within its bounds, this and more than this is manifested in the published disputes arising between certain members of certain Missionary Societies. No community is, however, responsible for the errors of its members until they are proved; and although the experience has been, indeed, dearly bought, the root of the evil has been discovered, and the axe is already uplifted to clear the ground.

"Some of those who have been so deplorably in error have been, even by name, accused of having a peculiar talent for evil, and of exercising it, for the sake of adding to their pecuniary resources in the colony, careless whom they may devour, so long as they make their way good for themselves.

"Not meaning to identify ourselves with those who make such a charge, we prefer the plan of extracting from a Cape paper an authentic document, which will serve to illustrate the mode in which our countrymen have been misled by those whose motives can only be judged by Him 'from whom no secrets are hid.'

"Among the London newspapers which reached

our hands by the last post,' says the 'Graham's Town Journal; or, Eastern Province Register,' December 8, 1836, 'is the 'Patriot' of the 17th August last, containing a report of the speeches made by Dr. Philip, Jan Tazooe, Andries Stoffels, and J. Read, jun., at a Special Meeting of the London Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall on the 10th of that month. On perusing these speeches we cannot help being struck at that astonishing delusion under which the public is still labouring with respect to the affairs of this colony—a delusion which leads numbers of well-meaning persons to swallow, with intense greediness, the most absurd fables, and to applaud the most evident contradictions, and the veriest garble as demonstrative arguments and profound wisdom! Really, looking at such proceedings as these, we should say that the present age should be distinguished from all others which have preceded it, as the age of gullibility. For when we find members of the British Legislature, and other 'grave and reverend signors,' listening to such fables, and applauding the mountebank actors as paragons of virtue and patriotism, the farce becomes rather too broad; and instead of laughing at the absurdity, we become indignant at the mischief resulting from such barefaced knavery.'

The author justifies the conduct of the colonists towards the Bushmen, Kafirs, and Hottentots, and observes on the great question that "South Africa absolutely solicits the advent of a new and working population—of a reputable class!"

"Doubtless, Australia and New Zealand may present, to the mind's-eye of some, a more satisfactory refuge for settlers; but, in spite of all that has been urged in favour of them, as regards climate and fertility, the Eastern Frontier of the Cape has not yet been proved inferior in these points.

"In a word, the last unhappy colony has never in any one way had fair play.

"Few things can equal, and nothing exceed, the beauty and pleasantness of an African night, except for the period of a few weeks in the year—and even then the brilliancy of the sky, the aspect of nature decked with flowers, and the salubrity of the atmosphere in which the weary traveller may seek his rest without endangering his health, make ample amends for the heated air of the house.

"In some districts the climate is more equable than others, and after a roving life of nearly six years, during which the range of our travels extended from Cape Town eastward to the Keiskamma, and northward to the Winterberg Mountains, we should not hesitate in choice of climate between 'Merrie England' and South Africa—albeit we love the mother country best.

"England, however, affords a home only for the wealthy—South Africa offers a return for the enterprising industry of the labourer, the mechanic—in short, all who have not easy means of subsistence at home."

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate. By G. J. Holyoake. Watson.

A SMALL instructive publication, in which there is a great deal of good and useful matter. It is addressed to the artisan class, printed on common paper, and we presume sold at a low price. It shows much reading, not a little of reasoning and logical powers, and is lightened by many anecdotes. As we cannot enter upon the numerous requisites for public speaking and debate, which occupy between twenty and thirty chapters, we quote from the miscellaneous *miscellany*—

"Between rhyme and poetry there is a great gulph, which patient study alone may bridge over. Some of the intermediate steps may be indicated. The gradations may be explained, which, though all may not be able to pass through, all may be able to understand, and determine their own position in reference to them.

"A Sunderland candidate for Parnassian laurels lately presented the public with the following very A-B-C effort—

"Two gentlemen dined at my house,
For breakfast they had some ham;
Says I, 'Are you going to Hartlepool?'
'Oh yes,' says they, 'we am.'

Even the rudest kind of verse should have some qualities not found in prose. * * *

"Method is often of moment in trivial things. Some years ago it was the custom in Glasgow, when a fire broke out in the evening, for the police to enter the theatre and announce the fire and the locality, that if any person concerned was present, he might be apprised of the impending loss. On one occasion, when the watch commenced to announce 'Fire—45, Candleriggs,' the audience took alarm at the word Fire, and concluded that it applied to the theatre. A rush ensued, which prevented the full notice being heard, and several persons lost their lives. The inversion of the order of announcement—'45, Candleriggs—Fire,' would have prevented the disaster. But afterwards the practice of such announcements was forbidden, it being impossible, I suppose, to reform the rhetoric of policemen. * * *

"Brevity and precision are oftener manifested among our French neighbours than among ourselves. The speeches made to mobs—the most hurried placards, abound in the felicities of condensation. Europe has for some time been agitated with communism. Few Englishmen could tell you what is meant by it. Yet nearly a century ago Morely thus expressed it:—'It is the solution of this excellent problem: To find a situation in which it shall be nearly impossible for man to be depraved or bad.' We have never on this side the Channel approached the felicity of this reply. * * *

"Prodigality of metaphors, like multitudes of superlatives, confound meaning. 'It is an idle fancy of some,' says Felton, 'to run out perpetually upon similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses, and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all.'

"The general rule to be observed is obvious. When we intend to elevate a subject, we must choose metaphors which are lofty or sublime. If our purpose is to degrade, the similes which sink the subject to contempt or ridicule are proper for employment. These are the two poles of tendency. A member of the Indiana Legislature has said, 'Mr. Speaker,—The wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our western prairies, or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking-place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embraces of Morpheus; and ere the portals of the east are unbarred, or bright Phœbus rises in all his golden majesty—whole litters of pigs are destroyed.' Wanting sustinment, these figures end in the ridiculous."

On *Pleasantries* we read—

"A comedian went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F.—it, expatiating in the green-room on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well-known dramatist. 'I have heard,' says the latter, 'that he is the kindest of men; and I know that he writes to his wife every packet.' 'Yes,' he writes,' replied Mrs. F., 'a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence, but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?' 'Decidedly,' replied the author, 'unremitting kindness.' Here the wit turns upon words.

"Goodrich relates a converse instance:—'I once heard of a boy who, being rebuked by a clergyman for neglecting to go to church, replied, that he would go if he could be permitted to change his seat. 'But why do you wish to change your seat?' said the minister. 'You see,' said the boy, 'I sit over the opposite side of the meeting-house, and between me and you there's Judy Vicars and Mary Staples, and half-a-dozen other women, with their mouths wide open, and they get all the best of the sermon, and when it comes to me its pretty poor stuff.'"

Law—

"A few years ago a couple of Dutchmen, Von Vampt and Van Bones, lived on friendly terms on the high hills of Limestone. At last they fell out over a

dog. Von Vampt killed Van Bones' canine companion. Bones, choosing to assume the killing to have been intentional, sued Vampt for damages. They were called in due time into court, when the defendant in the case was asked by the judge whether he killed the dog. 'Pe sure I kilt him,' said Vampt, 'but let Bones prove it.' This being quite satisfactory, the plaintiff in the action was called on to answer a few questions, and among others he was asked by the judge at what amount he estimated the damages. He did not well understand the question, and so, to be a little plainer, the judge inquired what he thought the dog to be worth? 'Pe sure,' replied Bones, 'the dog was worth nothing, but since he was so mean as to kill him, he shall pay de full value of him.' How many suits have occupied the attention of courts—how many contests have engaged the time of the public, and have been waged with virulence and invective, having no more worthy difference than that of Von Vampt and Van Bones!"

That we differ very much from many of the writer's opinions and estimates of men, has not prevented our being pleased and amused by his performance.

RELIGIOUS WORKS.

Popular Christianity, &c. By F. J. Foxton, A.B. 12mo. John Chapman.

A DISCIPLE of the Rational sect, the A.B. formerly of Pembroke College, and Perpetual Curate of Stoke Prior and Docklow, runs amuck at the Church of England and all dogmatic theology. He denies and ridicules the idea of inspiration in the Scriptures; he holds the divinity of Christ to be a vulgar error, though he considers him to have been an incarnation of divine or religious essence in humanity, a sort of other Plato, and the reiterator of the Platonic philosophy; he contends that Christianity may be deemed true, though the miracles alleged in support of it are (as he believes) false; he treats in this light the raising of Lazarus, the casting of devils into swine, &c., to be absurd fables; he scouts the doctrine of original sin, and adheres strongly to the opinions of Rousseau; he condemns the Protestant reformation as "the unsettlement of religion," and having substituted the worship of the Bible (full as it is of errors) for the worship of God, from whom it is pretended to be derived, as a guide free from every blemish and mistake, he describes the Church as corrupted by its teachers from the beginning, and now destined to go down before the increasing reason and liberalism of the age; and he finally preaches as the only pure and spiritual principle of faith and duty, the Conscience and God, which are within every man's own breast. Like phosphorescent skeletons of whittings or haddocks, we are to shine by our own inward light. Such a volume we can only describe in our position of reflecting the nature of the publications which mark the age in which we live.

The Sinfulness of Little Sins. A Course of Sermons Preached in Lent. By J. Jackson, M.A., Rector of St. James's, Westminster. Skeffington.

THIS is an excellent family volume, and calls attention to imperfections and errors which we are hardly inclined to acknowledge as sins. Yet do they trouble the living world unceasingly and devouringly; and they recoil on those in whom they prevail more severely, perhaps, as far as this life is concerned, than more deadly transgressions. It is of our pleasant vices that instruments are made to scourge us; and we cannot expect better reward for our unpleasant indulgences in bad temper, harshness, hardness, anger, fretfulness, impatience, moroseness, pride, vanity, uncharitableness, scandal, slander, falsehood, and other social curses of mind and tongue. The worthy preacher dwells on these, and educates moral lessons from his texts and reasoning, submission to which would go far to make this earth as enjoyable as it is made the reverse by these evil elements.

Facts of a Clergyman's Life. By the Rev. C. Taylor, A.M. Seeleys.

A NUMBER of edifying death-scenes are described with infinite feeling in this pious volume; the author

of which entertains a most exalted estimate of the sacred duties and worldly abnegation of a clergyman. Of the Church of England he is an ardent apostle, and yet treats conscientiously dissent not only with forbearance but consideration. Against the Church of Rome, however, he is most decided, and denounces its doctrines and practices with equal zeal. The book is of that fervent order which will recommend it highly to evangelical readers; and even for the less religious its accounts of crimes, criminals, repentances, and remarkable disclosures, will be found very interesting as dramas of real life.

The Sabbath; or, An Examination of the Six Texts commonly adduced from the New Testament in proof of a Christian Sabbath. By a Layman. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

THIS is no question for us to discuss. The author goes thoroughly into it in all its bearings, and tries the Sabbatarian arguments with force and reference to ancient writers, till he arrives at the conclusion, "that there is no Scripture authority for believing that in the time of the Apostles the first day of the week (our Sunday) was observed either as a Sabbath day or as a prayer day."

A Practical Guide to the Greek Testament. Bagster. Though "designed for those who have no knowledge of the Greek language, but desire to read the New Testament in the original," this little volume goes beyond elementary instruction, and is really an original, curious, and learned performance.

Manual of Devotion. Compiled from the "Book of Common Prayer," &c. Oxford: Vincent. London: Rivingtons.

THIS is a very simple and very pious little volume, and includes the vital subjects of prayer, self-examination, and preparation. It is of genuine Christian character.

A Biblical Reading Book. By the Author of "The People's Dictionary of the Bible." 12mo. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

FOR schools and family reading, a low-priced and well put together series of papers, to shed a popular light on Scripture antiquities, history, and geography. A life of Christ is the most prominent feature.

Scottish Nationality, or the Struggles of Scottish Episcopacy. By Hugh Scott, Esq. of Gala. 12mo. Saunders and Otley.

A VERY strenuous appeal on behalf of Episcopacy in Scotland, and proposing to combine a system of education with the advancement of that branch of the Church.

On the Religious Ideas. By W. Johnson Fox, M.P. 8vo. Fox.

THE eloquent author of this work has expounded his opinions in a series of fifteen lectures, of which, treating as they do of so many important subjects, we must be content to say, that they display great ability, intense humanity, and a universality which entitles them to the most attentive consideration of all who are anxious for the establishment of truth and the welfare of their fellow creatures.

The People's Dictionary of the Bible. 2 vols, 8vo. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Manchester: Ainsworth. New York: Wiley and Putnam. Boston: Crosby and Nicholls.

ON comparing this work with Dr. Kitto's "Abridged Cyclopædia," it will be seen that in many articles it goes into greater length of statement and argument; but that it omits a number of particulars alphabetically arranged in the latter, whilst it introduces common words for explanation which are not peculiar to the Bible. Thus, for instance, after the name of Matthew, Dr. Kitto runs on with Mathias, Mazzaroth, Measures, Medad, Medan or Madan, Medeba, Medes; and "the People's Dictionary" presents only Mallock, Maul, Mazzaroth, Media. As far as it goes, however, this compilation will be found to contain a great fund of information, and enable readers to understand their bibles far better than they could do without such a guide and interpreter.

* From Part VIII., just published by Messrs. Black, Edinburgh, and bringing down this excellent abridgement to the uncertain word Pannag, which occurs but once in Scripture.—Ed. L. G.

SUMMARY.

Memoirs of the House of Orleans; including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Characters in France during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D. 3 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

TO withdraw the history of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons from the mass of French history, and set it clearly as an episode before the public, was a design which might readily be suggested at this crisis of its fortunes. The past cycle appears to be completed; and the cycle of the future, whatever it may be for the descendants of the first crowned and disrowned member of the family of Louis Philippe, is opening its course in France and in Spain. The influence of the race upon the political circumstances of France has long been most important, but never perhaps so important as during the past century. At last it arrived at the climax to blight its wholesome brother, and the elder house succumbed to the aspiring of the younger rival. To have the whole traced with an able and competent hand, the task could not have been entrusted to a superior ability than Dr. Cooke Taylor, so well known and esteemed in the literary world for his former productions; belonging to the sterling ranks of national literature. Nor has he failed to do justice to the choice, to his own reputation, and to the subject in the work before us. It is clearly arranged, grounded on considerable research, and impartially stated. The results are not favourable to the Orleans dynasty or its precedents; but we must refer to the three volumes for the details from the period of "the great secret of Louis XIV." to the present day. That a consistent and consequential line of policy has been pursued by the Orleans family from that date, and that intrigue and conspiracy marked the doings of some part of it, can hardly admit of a doubt. How far the ex-king followed in the footsteps of his father will probably be better understood hereafter. We have lately reviewed his own version of the story (*Literary Gazette*, No. 1681), and shall now enter into no judicial or critical examination of the questions at issue. Suffice it to say, that the Memoirs are truly a library book; and that their connexion with the English annals, and the fund of personal character and curious anecdotes which runs through them, render the publication altogether one of much lasting value, as well as of much present interest.

A Hand Book of Modern European Literature, for the Use of Schools and Private Families. By Mrs. Foster. Longmans.

IN the absence of larger works, this neat and convenient volume may be advantageously consulted on many occasions; and we need not impress on the minds of parents and teachers the extreme value, in every case of doubt or ignorance, of sending young pupils for reference to a ready authority. It fixes the recollection far more firmly than verbal information, and is, indeed, in itself, a species of study of the most instructive class. The finding always leads to the seeking of intelligence; and a feeling is generated, especially in literary inquiries, which cannot fail to improve taste and increase useful knowledge, till both talent and understanding reach a gratifying degree of cultivation. Mrs. Foster has executed her task tersely and cleverly: the compilation does her much credit, and will, we trust, tend to advance the literature of our time; as we have ever desired to do so by our own weekly production. It is worth observing, perhaps, that Literature as Literature is not taught in our schools; that is to say, there are no lessons singly and purely devoted to the acquisition of an acquaintance with it. Children are taught their letters, grammar, reading, and, as they grow up, history, geography, languages, &c., &c., all needful adjuncts, and portions of the world-wide and all-time embracing system; but in no school that we ever saw were there instructions to furnish an idea of the general literature of our own country, or of the literature of other nations. What is called a finished scholar, quitting school for college, and even college for the world, except from what he may have gathered from casual reading at home, or some stray lecturer

on insulated parts, has never had his attention directed to the progress and state of Letters in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, or even Britain. The grand mosaic has been unexamined by him; and he is reckoned pretty well advanced if he have picked up a few bits of its tesserae. And this renders a work like the present the more necessary, for it does briefly condense, and bring together the most prominent names in European Literature; and an index points to the page where we may learn what is stated concerning them. We notice some omissions, but there is enough of matter to recommend the volume to all readers.

Brewing and Distilling. By Thomas Thomson, M.D., F.R.S. With Practical Illustrations. By W. Stewart. Edinburgh: Blacks. London: Longmans.

ALL that science could teach on the subjects, so important to the comforts of social life, which are named on this title page, was to be expected from the high authority of Dr. Thomas Thomson. In this respect the work is complete, and would deserve the most general approval. But valuable as the volume is for science, it has been rendered yet more useful and serviceable by the pointed practical instructions added by Mr. Stewart. If we do not after this drink the best of porter and ale, both English and Scottish, and also wholesome spirits, it will be our own fault, and not the fault of Dr. Thomson and Mr. Stewart. Being on this subject, we may state that Dr. Daubeny has been continuing his experiments to get rid of the smack which clings to British brandies; and has all but brought them to the pure flavour of Cognac. Still the slightest portion of empyreuma which cannot be discharged is perceptible to the palate throughout a whole tubful of spirits.

Bohn's Extra Volumes.

BELONGING to this series, Mr. Bohn has recently issued a new and unformed edition of *Rabelais*, in two volumes; for the reproduction of which we can hardly imagine a satisfactory cause. Count Hamilton's *Fairy Tales*, in one volume, including the popular "Four Facardins," will present more novelty, and some of them are ludicrous imitations of, and satires upon, the tediousness and absurdities often engrafted on this species of composition. The "History of May-Flower and the Ram," is an amusing example.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine, &c. By James Copland, M.D., F.R.S. Longmans.

PART XIV., like every preceding Part, bears testimony to the zealous research, and consequent acquisition of knowledge, to the latest date, which has distinguished Dr. Copland's arduous and most successful labours. It reaches to "scirrhus and other tumours;" and every subject, such as rheumatism, rickets, and scarlet fever, is treated in the ablest manner. The only wish of the profession and the public is, that the large and increasing practice of the author may coexist with his proceeding as quickly as may be to the completion of a work of such inestimable importance. *Tables for Setting out Curves for Railways, Canals, Roads, &c., varying from a Radius of Five Chains to Three Miles, either with or without a Theodolite.* By Archibald Kennedy and R. W. Hackwood, Civil Engineers. Weale.

A LITTLE book, but greatly practical with diagrams and tables, which make the process perfectly clear and comprehensible. The *modus operandi* is distinctly laid down; and we feel as if *We could* ourselves conduct a railroad or dig a canal according to any curve we chose. The majority of civil engineers will, we believe, find the work very useful, and to those studying this important branch of science it must be of very great value.

The Rudiments of Botany, &c. By Arthur Henfrey, F.L.S. Van Voorst.

NICELY adorned with woodcuts, we may add this small *tome* to the numbers which are continually issuing from the press to make the sciences as familiar as possible, by a simple and practical process. All that need be said is, that Mr. Henfrey is very successful in his exposition of Botany, and furnishing the student with a guide for field observation and instruction.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE CELTIC.—NO. VIII.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In my last paper I endeavoured to connect the story of the patriarchs with the legends of certain mythological characters, and to show that the latter were corruptions of the former. I purpose on the present occasion to trace some further coincidences between Scripture and profane mythology, though perhaps not so novel or interesting as what relates to him "who was separated from his brethren."

Herodotus informs us that in the Egyptian system of Theogony there were eight greater deities and twelve minor ones, and that the former had long preceded the latter; the peculiar numbers of their deities, and the early acquaintance of the Egyptians with the patriarchs and the chosen seed, lead me to infer that the eight *dii majores* were representatives of the eight persons saved in the ark, and the twelve inferior deities were representatives of the twelve patriarchs; it is nothing more surprising that men so remarkable should be honoured with divine worship in heathen times, than that confessors and martyrs should in Christian days receive worship as saints and mediators from believing Romanists. Noah's three sons have often been considered the originals of the three great divinities of the Grecian and Roman mythology, as, for example, by the profoundly learned Bochart, but on this subject I offer no opinion at present; yet I cannot forbear suggesting that the story of Venus having sprung from the foam of the sea, may have originated in a possible occurrence, of which, however, no mention is made in sacred Scripture—namely, the birth of a child in the ark during the period of the flood. Noah was a year and ten days in the ark, and during that time it is possible a female infant may have been born, and the remarkable place of her birth may have given foundation to the various mythological legends of Venus springing from the foam of the sea. How widely diffused was the superstitious connexion of one of the heathen deities with the foam of the sea, appears from the name of one of the *Peruvian* deities, which was worshipped under the title of *Piracocha*, and which, according to Prescott, in his *Conquest of Peru*, signified, in popular acceptance, "the foam of the sea." Venus was worshipped under the title *Cubar*, as Selden informs us,—"Saracenorum Cabar sive Cubar a Syriâ seu Babylonia venire alia non erat." (De Diis Syris, 285). And in Celtic the word *cubân* signifies froth, foam. This is obviously a compound word, and as it is also written *cobân*, the derivation appears to be from *go-bân*, i.e. the top of the sea; but this combination approaches very nearly to another, which might signify the *Smith's* progeny, and hence the fabled conjunction of Venus with the Smith-god Vulcan. The name of Ham or Cham, in Irish letters, *câm*, and the last letter being aspirated, *câm* approaches so nearly to the word denoting *Smith*, that hence may have arisen the circumstance of considering the Smith-god the guardian of the land of Ham, as Cicero, in his treatise *De Naturâ Deorum*, speaking of Vulcan, says, "Secundus Nilo natus, Phthas, at Egyptian appellat, quem custodem esse Ægypti volunt," Phthas signifying "Lord of fire."

It has sometimes occurred to me, that the name of those mysterious beings, the *Cabiri*, may be connected with Cham, the son of Noah. According to Herodotus, Vulcan was their father; and if we are correct in identifying Cham with the Smith-god Phthas, we would have some grounds for our supposition. The *Cabiric* deities were four in number, and in this respect would agree with the number of the sons of Ham mentioned in the Bible, whilst the very title *Cabiri*, in Greek, *καβίρι-οι*, may be corrupted from *câm-bân*, or *câm-bân*, sons of Cham. The youngest of Cham's sons was Canaan, whose name signifies a merchant, and the youngest of the *Cabiri* is Casmilus, or Mercury, the god of merchants; perhaps his *Cabiric* title signifies "thousand footed," to

denote the expedition suitable to the messenger of the gods.

In connexion with Cham, we may mention that the names of Noah, Shem, and Japhet, all appear to have appropriate meanings in Celtic. Thus, Noah's name denotes worthiness—"the just man and perfect in his generation;" Shem's denotes modesty, as he may have obtained the title after covering his father with the cloak; and Japhet's, perhaps, alludes to his great stature, which would identify him with the *Japetus* of mythology. Strange to say, the names of some of the antediluvians appear to be purely Celtic; though, having no collateral evidence, we cannot positively assert them to be so: but compare the following explanations from Hebrew and Celtic, and it will appear that the latter are just as applicable as the former. The name Methuselah, or in Hebrew letters *מֶתוּשֶׁלַח*, Methuselah, is derived, according to Gesenius, from a combination of two words signifying "man of a dart,"—not a very intelligible title for the oldest of the descendants of Adam—in Celtic, however, we find the compound word *Meas-eyleac* still extant, and signifying "weak-eyed," or watery-eyed, not a very uncommon accompaniment of advanced age.

Another antediluvian name which Celtic explains still more satisfactorily is *Cain*. This name, according to Hebrew scholars, is derived from *Kanah*, a possession; but I would trace it to the Celtic *Ceb-eyn*, the first born, a most appropriate title for the first born of mankind. In this Celtic combination, the middle consonants are not pronounced, and what confirms in some degree the etymology is, that we find another combination analogously formed, and also referring to a very ancient fact. Thus, *Ceas* signifies a first element, and is obviously the origin of the word *chaos*, which, according to the poets, denoted the rudimental state of crude matter before the world was formed.

Perhaps there is some reference to the ark in the name of the *Carduchi*, or *καρδουχοι*, a warlike nation inhabiting mountains of the same name in Armenia. The syllable *δουχ*, or douch, in Celtic, signifies a large vessel, a kieve, vat, or tub, and like the Hebrew *Tebah*, which signifies a chest as well as the ark, may have been applied to vessels of very different dimensions. It is observable that this syllable forms the first part of the word *Deucalion*, the name of him who was saved from the flood; and in a note to Hutchinson's *Xenophon*, I find the following observation:—"In Carduchiis autem montibus arcam Noë substituisse, non levibus de causis statuere viri eruditi." The whole name of the mountains may have denoted the "Mountains of the Ark;" the first syllable, which is written *car* or *cor*, not being unlike the *κορος* of the Greeks, the original guttural being changed, as often happens, into a mere aspirate.

The next scripture character I would refer to is Melchizedek, whose name has been ere now shown to agree with that of the Syrian Hercules, who was known under the title of *Melcarth*; which latter, as noted in your pages some years ago, signifies in Celtic, "King of Righteousness," and consequently is exactly the translation, or perhaps, original rendering of the later term—Melchizedek. Most of the classical allusions to the Syrian Hercules will be found in *Stukely's Essay on Stonehenge*; it will be there seen that he was contemporary with Abraham, and that his character was that of a just and pious prince; and according to the learned Bochart, *lithes* were paid to him, as well as to his scripture prototype. "Inde est," says Bochart, in his *Chanaan*, "quod Carthageniensis originis sue memores Syris Herculi decimas quotannis exsolvent."

Melchizedek is said to have been King of Salem, but where Salem lay is not determined, some thinking it to be Jerusalem, and others the Salem "near where John was baptizing." I am, however, inclined to think neither opinion correct; and as we find *Melcarth* to agree in signification with Melchizedek, so will we find Salem, which means *peace*, to agree in sense with Sion, the name of the parent of Tyre, and which in Celtic signifies "city of peace." There is, however, a difficulty in placing the king who met Abraham so far northwards, but if we recollect that

Abraham pursued his defeated enemies as far as "Hobab on the left hand side of Damascus," and that where he first overtook them was at Dan, a city formerly called Zaish, and belonging to the Sidonians; and if we suppose the territory of Sidon to have extended considerably beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the city, there is no difficulty in supposing Salem to have denoted that territory, or that Melchizedek should have met Abraham in that neighbourhood.

The father of the Syrian Hercules, according to Sanchoniathon, as quoted by Philo Byblus, was *Demaron*, "ὁ δὲ Δημόρωντι γινεῖται Μελάρχος," and in Irish the word *deamhann* is still to be found, and signifies "a mystery," a most appropriate name for the unknown progenitor of him who was represented by the apostle as without father or mother, without "beginning of days or end of life."

The Syrian Hercules was supposed to have been buried in Gades; and Mela, speaking of his temple there, says, "Cur sanctum sit ossa ejus ibi sepulta efficit." This temple was in the time of Strabo one of the most venerable remains of antiquity, and I shall conclude with some beautiful lines of Silius Italicus, describing the customs and ceremonies there observed by the priests.—

"Fœmine prohibent gressus, ac limine curant;
Setigeros acere suas, nec discolor ulli
Ante aras cultus, velantur corpora lino.
Pes nudus, tonsaque comæ, castumque cubile
Irreincta focis servant altaria flammæ
Sed nulla effigies simulachra ante Deorum
Majestate locum et sacro implevere timore."—*Liv.* 3. 21.

ALPH.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SHOOTING STARS.

M. COULVIER-GRAVIER's observations for the August period of shooting stars again this year confirm his views that the phenomenon is progressive, and not a sudden appearance in great numbers about the 10th of the month. It will be seen by the subjoined table of his observations that the increase continued from the 10th July to the 10th August, diminishing on the night of the 11th.—

July 10, 6 shooting stars.	July 26, 26 shooting stars.
" 11, 8 "	" 27, 28 "
" 13, 10 "	" 28, 33 "
" 14, 7 "	Aug. 6, 50 "
" 15, 10 "	" 8, 60 "
" 20, 13 "	" 9, 107 "
" 21, 13 "	" 10, 120 "
" 22, 12 "	" 11, 70 "

The series of observations made and tabulated by M. Coulvier-Gravier, from July, 1841, lend to this general result—that in the first half of the year, or from 21st Dec. to 21st June, the number of meteors is much smaller than in the second half, from 21st June to 21st December, and that during these two periods, the numbers observed oscillate between several maxima and minima, the epochs of which are more less fixed.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—CHESTER.

[We will not fancy that our long report of this congress, as well as that of the Institute at Salisbury, (rather shorn of its attractions by the mournful presence of cholera,) and the proceedings in other quarters, where this new and

* Our intelligent contemporary, the *Builder*, attributes this failure to other conspiring causes, and observes:—"Truth to say, the meeting, as a whole, was a *leary* one, and, according to some, this was not wholly owing to the epidemic. One correspondent, who signs himself 'A Gentleman,' and who, as we know, is one, complains of the want of any desire, on the part of those who had the power, to make parties known to one another. He writes, 'If the secretaries and some other officials were a little less off-handed, and less given to pooh-poohing, and would consider it part of their duty to present to hosts and others, members known by them to have certain pretensions, the meeting would be rendered much more agreeable than was this at Salisbury.' Yet, at the last meeting, Dr. Ingram held out the prospect that their next meeting would be held under the sanction of a Royal Charter; and this where the Bishop of Oxford, Vice-President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, presided.—*Ed. L. G.*

growing spirit has been so vividly awakened, can require any apology as being scientifically dry for any class of our readers, old or young, learned or more illiterate. The papers appear to us to be so amusing, and so full of curious matter relating to our ancestors and to all interesting history, that we could hardly supply, from the most modern sources, aught which would be more agreeable reading. We therefore follow up Mr. Waller's essay on the Legh family brasses, with Mr. Fairholt's on Guild processions, which was not, as he set out by remarking, a dissertation on the origin or history of Guilds, a subject involving an amount of abstruse learning more fitted for the closet of the student than for public reading, but a notice of those ceremonial observances, curious usages, and public processions which marked their ancient state, and greatly attracted the attention of our sight-loving ancestors.]

It was, he stated, usual from a very early period for the trading companies of our great commercial cities to take the lead in welcoming the Royal and noble personages of this and other countries when they made their public entries into these towns. It was expected that each company should attend in proper costume and official insignia on these occasions, or they were fined by the ruling powers. It was not usual with them thus to meet on such occasions alone, but many towns commemorated on great festivals particular facts in their own history. Such was the play of Hook Tuesday performed by the people of Coventry before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, and which was supposed to commemorate the massacre of the Danes by the inhabitants of that city in 1002, and the procession of Lady Godiva, which records the gift of certain municipal privileges to the same city. These various trade-unions, for such the old Guilds were, originated in a necessity for self-protection in barbarous times; and they had so many privileges, that for a tradesman not to be a member of them was virtually to debar himself from the practice of his own business, or be continually fined. They thus became powerful and wealthy, and had a great love for exhibiting themselves on all public occasions. In London they always rode forth to welcome the King. The earliest instance on record is that given by Matthew Paris, as taking place in 1236, on occasion of the passage of King Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence, his Queen, when they were met by the mayor, aldermen, and citizens, 300 in number, appareled in livery of silk, and riding on horseback, each of them carrying in his hands a gold or silver cup in token of privileges claimed by the city, for the mayor to officiate as chief butler at the coronations. The earliest mention of shows peculiar to various trades is given in the account of Edward the First's reception after his victory over the Scots in 1298, when the Fishmongers' Company exhibited four gilt sturgeons mounted on as many horses, four salmon of silver similarly displayed, and forty-six armed knights on horses "made like Lucies of the sea," and a man dressed as St. Magnus, accompanied with other mounted horsemen. From this public display they proceeded to identify themselves with other means of amusing the people, and hence originated the performance, by these tradesmen, of sacred dramas, founded on Scripture history, but so ludicrously adapted to the feeling and ignorance of the times, as to be objectionable to modern taste. These plays, which appear to have been common to provincial towns, do not appear to have been exhibited by the London guilds, owing to an alarm taken by the clergy, who themselves acted them on great festivals, and who petitioned Richard II. to prevent others from doing so. For the maintenance of these plays a tax was levied on the companies generally, and even common land appropriated. It was not only in shows that the old guilds exhibited themselves in the insecure times of antiquity; they marshalled themselves on Midsummer Eve, and acted as watch to the city. This ceremony was conducted by night with much pomp, and several pasteboard figures of giants were exhibited in the procession, besides morris dancers, henchmen, and hired minstrels. These giants were exceedingly popular, as was also another character, exhibited by the Butchers' Company of Chester, and named, "The Devil in his feathers." The Dragon was an equal favourite, and shared a large amount of popular applause. All this pageantry was traceable to the guild processions of

continental towns, who exhibited such things with even greater splendour on popular occasions. The giant of Antwerp, the greatest trading city of the Low Countries, from which we obtained the model of our first exchange, was a noble figure designed by Rubens. Maline also had its giants, male and female, with their children, similar to the giants which at one time belonged to the ancient city of Chester. Brussels also possesses a similar family of giants. They are enormous figures of wicker work, wearing flowing draperies to conceal the men who walk within, and carry them through the streets. These giants were occasionally lent from one town to another, to swell the show on grand ceremonial observances. The only portable giant now remaining in this country belongs to the old Tailors' Company at Salisbury. But it was not only in human giants that the continental guilds rejoiced: camels, dromedaries, and whales, of enormous proportions, figured in them, and among the other curious displays we meet with reminiscences of ancient popular tales and minstrel rhymes. Thus, the Wheel of Fortune, which is of frequent occurrence in illuminated MSS., and also on the walls of churches, figures in the Malines pageant, along with an enormous representation of the famous horse, Bayard, upon which was mounted the four sons of Aymon; thus giving modern notoriety to ancient romances, which had delighted their forefathers centuries ago.

These trade processions were not confined to Europe alone. Lady Montague describes one which she saw at Adrianople in 1707, in which the various trades carried pageants emblematic of their occupations; thus the bakers exhibited the process of bread-making; the furriers showed stuffed figures of animals, from which they obtained their wares; and all appeared as if alive in their native woods.

Mr. Fairholt concluded by observing that the three most interesting of these ancient shows remaining to us are, the guild processions of Coventry, Preston, and Shrewsbury. It was this hearty and generous concurrence in public rejoicings and innocent celebration, that knit men in bonds of true fellowship in the olden times. And it was the same admirable feeling of mutual protection in which every one joined, that strengthened the good government of each city, and gave that noble spectacle of self rule, consolidating the liberties we enjoy, and which each man feels bound personally to respect and defend.

The last paper was read by the Rev. A. Hume, *On the Chester Mystery Plays*. To the ordinary details of men and things, dramatic representations are related as a picture is to the letter-press,—they illustrate the text. In a wide sense, the literature which is dramatic is much more extensive than it is usually supposed to be. The historian, for example, becomes a dramatist for the time, when, instead of treating of his characters in the third person, he allows each to speak for himself. The novelist is a dramatist, as his volumes frequently consist merely of a groundwork of dialogue, inlaid with description which might be equally well represented by movable scenery. In all the varied affairs of life, too, we are inseparably connected with that which is dramatic. In the nursery, there is the doll or the hobby-horse in anticipation of mature years; by the fire-side, the old soldier varies his tale by shouldering his crutch to "show how fields were won;" and elsewhere, my uncle Toby stamps his foot, as he remarks with vehemence that Le Fevre "shall march!"—"to his regiment."

Dramatic representations in this country have been said to owe their origin to the pilgrims from the holy land, or other sacred places; for the double purpose of instructing the people and securing sympathy for themselves. They said or sung through the principal streets of large towns long accounts of their journeyings. In these orations or canticles, they did not adhere rigidly to the facts, but drew more or less upon the imagination; and interwove a variety of incidents respecting Christ and the Apostles, which might or might not have happened. Their devout characters, their picturesque and flowing dresses, the solemn subjects of which they treated, and the troops of them

that usually itinerated together, naturally drew the attention of our forefathers, simple artizans and husbandmen. In process of time, a stage was erected for greater convenience: and at a still later period, the place of the pilgrims was supplied by the ordinary clergy. In that case, the subject was necessarily of a scriptural character throughout, as many of the performers had never seen the world much beyond the precincts of their own parishes. At a still later period, when the characters introduced became numerous, the assistance of lay actors was procured; as in the play of Howleglas, quoted by Bishop Percy. At a period still subsequent, the clergy wrote the plays, and superintended the performances; but the actors were exclusively laymen. This was the case, for example, with the mysteries performed at Chester.

The terms miracle, mystery, and morality, are—like the words tragedy and comedy—used somewhat vaguely; but the distinction appears to be the following:—The *miracle* plays represented, or purported to represent, impossible things or events which cannot be accomplished by human means,—viz., the creation of the world, the descent of angels, the rod being turned into a serpent, or the ascension. When these subjects became—as they afterwards did—almost exclusively applied to the story of man's redemption, they were called *mysteries*, from their evident connexion with what are called "the mysteries of our religion." The *moral* plays differed from these by introducing personifications of abstract ideas instead of real characters. Thus, one represented Sottie or Folly, another the World, another Every Man, and so on. Even good works were represented by a human being; as were Beauty, Strength, Discretion, and the Five Senses. The Arch Enemy was sure to figure prominently; and it was the business of Vice to beat him a good deal during the performance.

One of the earliest miracle plays was performed in the middle of the twelfth century, in the French language; and from a very early period French miracle and mystery plays, of a character even more interesting than our own, are known to have existed. The places where the performances were most frequent were, of course, the cathedral towns; but other large towns, in which the clergy were numerous, had also occasional or frequent opportunities of seeing such performances. They were patronised by several of our kings, and during their reigns; but began to disappear about the time of Henry VIII., and are known but slightly in Elizabeth's time. In Chester, they were performed in the twelfth century: but from 1268 to 1577 they were nearly annual, and were attended by large crowds.

The season of the year in which these plays were performed in Chester was "the Whitsun week," as it is called—a period which is still regarded as unquestionable holiday time by the inhabitants of Cheshire and Lancashire. The plays were twenty-four in number, so that eight were performed on each of the first three days. The locality was the streets of the ancient city, in the open air; and the weather at that season of the year is usually favourable to open representation. From the peculiar structure of Chester, it must have presented unusual facilities for seeing and hearing. The auditors in the rows were like spectators in the boxes of an ordinary theatre; they could see and hear without the necessity and inconvenience of crowding. The original account by Archdeacon Rogers, as quoted by Messrs. Sharpe and Wright, mentions the sort of stage on which the performances took place and the general circumstances. [The localities and manner of proceeding were quoted.]

The performances were managed by the members of the various Guilds, or 'Trades' unions, superintended by the clergy, who were supposed to have a superior knowledge of the subjects. Each trade took the performance of one play, except where the numbers were small, and then two or three acted together. Thus, the goldsmiths performed the play called the "Slaughter of the Innocents;" the butchers, "Satan Tempting Christ;" the skinner, "The Resurrection;" the cooks, "The Harrowing of Hell," meaning the descent of our Lord to rescue the condemned spirits.

Sometimes there was a slight degree of appropriateness in the arrangement of these, as when the water leaders of the Dee performed the play of "Noah and his Ark." In certain cases we can only recognise the trades in the proper names of the present period, as capper (i.e., cap maker), stringer (rope-maker), corvisor (shoemaker), flecher (the person who feathered arrows), &c.

The subjects are all of a scriptural character, and one circumstance is somewhat remarkable in the Chester Mysteries. It was not unusual for the plays of this kind, and of this period, to be founded on stories of the Apocryphal New Testament, and other works that are now known only to the antiquary and the virtuoso, while the stories from the canonical scriptures occupied, by comparison, a small space. Now in the Townely Mysteries, which are also extremely curious, and the MS. of which belongs to a gentleman in this county, the apocryphal stories are numerous—whereas in the Chester plays, which are attributed to an earlier period, the "Descent into Hell" is the only one not founded on actual scripture.

The number of performers seldom exceeded twelve, the names of some of whom would sound strangely to modern ears,—as dominaciones, principates, potestates, thrones, God, cherubim, seraphim, Balaham's asse, &c. The Latin of the monks is sometimes amusing,—as *Primus Mulier, Secundus Mulier*, &c. In their addresses the utmost regularity is preserved, until the dialogue becomes peculiarly artificial. Thus, in the third day, the order in which they speak is, *Noye, Sem, Cam, Jaffet, Noye's Wife, Sem's Wife, Cam's Wife, Jaffet's Wife*. In another, four boys, three shepherds, and a servant follow in similar rotation.

The directions to the actors give us but an humble idea of the imagination of these craftsmen. The following are a few specimens taken almost at random: "Here Adam and Eve goe out tell Cayne hath slayne Abel." "Then Noye, with all his familie, shall make a signe, as though they wrought upon the shippe, with divers instrumentes." "Heare Abraham doth kisse his sonne Isaake, and byndes a charshaffe about his heade: let him make a signe as though he would cut of his heade with his sorde; then let the angell come and take the sorde by the point and staie it." "Then Balaham shall strike his asse, and remark, that here it is necessary for some one to be transformed into the appearance of an asse."

The scenery and other stage furniture must have been of the most primitive kind, probably inferior to that of the penny and twopenny shows that still figure occasionally in our streets. Thus, in Noah's Flood, "the ark must be borden round about, and one the borden all the beastes and foules painted." Again, when the star appears in the east, it is made to move, by a little angel carrying it away in his arms; and the kings follow it by coming down from the stage, mounting on horses in the street, and riding round for a few minutes among the spectators.

The language in which these plays seem to have been written originally is French; but they have evidently existed for a long time in English, and several of the obsolete words and phrases are still retained in the provincialisms of this district. Thus, dig, crache, losel, clear or file, delve, sleech, hilling, &c., will be recognised at once. In some instances, the directions to the performers are given in Latin, and occasionally a verse of scripture, with the reference, is quoted in Latin, showing that the monks had acted as superintendents of the performances. They are full of the most ludicrous incongruities, two of which are the following:—In the play of Noah, he and his family go into the ark, except his own wife, who is a little obstinate on the occasion: yet the dialogue is never for a moment interrupted between the parties within and without, and all are equally visible to the auditors on the street. Again, in the "Play of the Shepherds," they are obviously supposed to be tending their flocks in Cheshire; they amuse themselves by wrestling—(then as now a favourite game in Cumberland)—and in eating their supper, they have "butter that was bought in Blackon," "ale of Halton, and whotte meate," and a jounacke of Lan-

caster shire. Yet almost immediately after, when the star appears, we find them entering Jerusalem, as if it had been about as distant as Eaton Hall, and presenting their humble gifts,—a bell, a spoon and bottle, a pipe, a nuthook, &c.

The following specimen of the dialogue is perhaps a little below the average, but it is characteristic in more respects than one:—

Noye.—Wiffe, come in; why stands thou their?
Thou arte ever forwarde, I dare sweare;
Come in one Godes name! half tyme yt were,
For feare leste that we drowne.

Noyes Wiffe.—Yea, sir, sette, up your saile,
And rowe fourth with evill haile,
For withouten faile
I will not oute of this towne;
But I have my gossippeho, everyechoe,
One foote further I will not gone:
They shall not drowne, by Sainte John!
And I maye save ther life.
They loven me full well, by Christe!
But thou lett them into thy cheiste,
Elles rowe nowe wher thy leiste,
And gette thee a new wiffe.

Noye.—Seme, sonne, loe! thy mother is wraue;
Be God, such another I doe not knowe!

Sem.—Father, I shall fetch her in I trowe,
Without en anze fayle.
Mother, my father after thee sende,
And byddes thee into yeinder shippe wende.
Looke up and see the wynde,
For we bene readye to sayle.

Noyes Wiffe.—Seme go again to hym, I saie;
I will not come therein to daye.

Sem.—In faith, mother, yett, you shalle,
Whether thou wylte or note. (Forces her in.)

Noye (saluting her).—Welcome, wiffe, into this bottle.

Noyes Wiffe (giving him a smart slap in the face).—
Have thou that for thy note!

Noye (rubbing his cheek).—Ha, hah! marye this is hotte!
It is good for to be still.

There are those who will misunderstand the uses of these relics of our old English literature, but the scholar knows their importance. The student of human nature knows their influence on minds to which they are adapted. The child loves the extravagant picture books, that can never be thoroughly driven from his nursery; the boy delights in tales of excitement and danger; and the adult man should not undervalue either of these, inasmuch as it has its uses. Now there is in society an infancy as well as in human life; and when we look back at their primitive thoughts and feelings, as shadowed forth in literature like the Chester Mysteries, let us not sneer at the generations past, which are still as stones in our present building, but let us be duly thankful for all that is really improvement.

In the north of Europe, and in the Spanish portions of South America, there is much that resembles that which I have thus hastily described. The imagination is influenced on religious subjects through the medium of the senses; and those who study the temperaments of mankind say that the general effect is very different from what we supposed it to be. But to the present hour, the miracles and mysteries of five centuries ago are still performed in some of the byways of European residence, with a deep devotional feeling, and are increasing knowledge and good habits. At Aberammergan, in Upper Bavaria, they are performed every tenth year; they were so in 1840, and they will be again in 1850. The performance lasts for ten days on each occasion: so that the whole is a sort of religious decameron. The scripture narrative is shown in act and scene from the earliest time; the tribes of Israel appear upon their walk; the manna is made to fall before the wondering multitude, and the types of the older time are shown in regular order. Thousands of spectators are assembled, some of them from hundreds of miles' distance; and not the slightest appearance of levity or impiety is tolerated. The more one knows of the subject the more he feels disposed to look with kind indulgence upon the past, especially when we recollect that the Chester Mysteries were actually composed "to the honour of God," as we are told; and that "a moonock of the monastrey gat of Clement, then Busshop of Rome, a

1000 dayes of pardon, and of the Busshop of Chester at that time, 40 dayes of pardon, graunted from thenceforth to every one resorting, in peaceable manner, with good devotion, to heare and see the sayd plays from tyme to tyme."

The return from Liverpool to Chester was (thanks to the liberal and personal attentions of their entertainers) as well arranged as the morning's and evening's proceedings; by means of railways, steamers, and carriages in waiting, the members were all comfortably housed a little after midnight.

PINE ARTS.

Shakspeare's Seven Ages. By J. Gilbert, M. Claxton, and D. H. McKewan. Engraved by T. Gilks. W. H. Smith and Son.

THESE are original designs on wood, and vigorously conceived and executed; but we like to be particular about Shakspeare illustrations. Should not the infant be in longer clothes: should not the clock in the schoolboy point to an earlier morning hour: should the lover be so guardedly dressed: should the soldier be bare-headed, and the flag so far in front of the assault?—Thus far we have tried hard to pick little critical holes in these immodestities of thought but we must confess that they can hardly be said to detract from their general merits. There is a breadth and also a character in the whole which agree well with the skill of the artists and the spirit of the poet, and six of them (we except the soldier) are very free from commonplace imitation. The accessories, too, are in appropriate keeping, and minor incidents are introduced which add to the interest of the principal or direct subject. Altogether we are inclined to think that after having beguiled an hour in the railway carriage, this fasciculus may be laid by at home for future agreeable re-examinations.

Lieut. Holman, the Blind Traveller. Squire & Co. A FINE portrait of this extraordinary individual has just been boldly lithographed from Mr. J. P. Knight's superb likeness of him. The head, between a Jupiter and Belisarius, is nobly characteristic; and when we call to mind the almost miraculous travels and adventures of the original, related in his very interesting works, we feel that every strange portfolio ought to be enriched with this picture, whilst its possession will be dear to his many warm and admiring friends, among whom we are happy to class ourselves.

Trio Juncto in Uno. (Same Publisher.) THREE heads of the Duke of Wellington as at the periods of India, Waterloo, and (recently) House of Lords. Being an Irishman, they are composed something in the shape of a shamrock, and have a curious effect, not unlikely to make them popular. The artist and lithographer is J. P. Lassognère, and therefore we presume this is a foreign tribute to the British hero. We like the latest, a profile, best—but the full or Waterloo centre face is striking, and the youngest or Indian, three-quarters, the least to our taste.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday.

In the last number of the *Phalange*, the monthly organ of the Fourrierists, there is a long article printed in this style:—

"Et l'union n'est pas un ? Et taisez vous ! Us et e la Constitution ! Il n'y a plus de légalité en France ; à l'heure qu'il est le régime légal est supprimé. De quel droit parlez vous de loi et de Constitution ? Et cette flagrante du droit fondamental, cette eclatante stituent, en outre, par leur but une indi son de la ca euples."

A foot note intimates that it was necessary to mutilate the article in this way, in order not to bring it within the reach of the repressive laws on the

press. But whether absolutely necessary or not, the article is still a sort of literary curiosity, inasmuch as it is a sarcasm on the state of the press in this city.

The question of the theatres still continues to excite great interest in the literary circles. Notwithstanding the refusal of all assistance, none of the houses have yet suspended their performances; and yet the directors solemnly protested, that without an advance from the treasury, they had no alternative but immediate closure or bankruptcy. There is a talk of the Minister of the Interior intending to bring in a bill for allowing full liberty to theatres, that is, letting the existing houses play whatever they please; and letting any one, who may choose to risk his money, open a theatre as he would a shop. The theatrical and daily journals are, generally speaking, strongly in favour of full and complete liberty: the theatrical community is also warmly contending for it, from evident motives of self-interest. If "liberty of theatres," as the phrase is, should be granted, the first consequence would be an immense addition to the already considerable number of playhouses; in fact, there would be one or more in every parish—one might almost say in every street. It would, however, be a debatable question, whether a shoal of theatres would be advantageous to public morality or to dramatic literature. Under the first Republic liberty of theatres existed, but I am not aware that it opened the way to celebrity to any great dramatic genius, either as writer or actor; and there is good reason to believe that it neither encouraged morality nor softened the brutality of the lower orders. Rather singular to relate, the legislature of those days thought theatrical performances might be made the means of extending and strengthening Republican principles, for in a law on theatres, (passed in August, 1793,) it gravely enacted that "there shall be represented three times a week, in the theatres of Paris, designated by the municipality, the tragedies of *Brutus*, *William Tell*, *Cain*, *Gracchus*, and other dramatic pieces which record the glorious events of the Revolution, and the virtues of the defenders of liberty; one of such representations shall be given every week at the expense of the Republic. Any theatre in which pieces, calculated to revive the shameful superstition of royalty, shall be represented, shall be closed, and the managers be punished with all the rigours of the law."

Now that the French government has authorized the laying down of a submarine electric telegraph between the French and English coasts, and promised to allow the public the use of the electric lines already established on the Rouen and Northern railways, as also to set up new lines, public attention is being very strongly attracted to the matter, and a spirit of inquiry with respect to the discovery and merits of the wonderful invention has been very generally manifested.

"Cham," the caricaturist, is increasing in popularity every week, and he really deserves so to do, for in conception and execution—the former especially—his designs for wit and effect are unrivalled by any of his contemporaries, and are fully equal to those which, some years ago, made the French caricaturing school the first in Europe. Cham has long been known to the public as a caricaturist; but it is only within the last few months that his talent has put forth all its resources and all its *verve*. His productions are extraordinarily numerous, and yet, though of course not equal in merit, are all telling and witty. His *Revue Comique* of the week—a batch of a dozen or so pencilled satires of the men and the events of the seven days—is specially admirable: one is surprised that he can put so much wit into, and squeeze so much fun out of, ordinary common-place things and people. He now confines his contributions to the *Charivari*, and is winning back to that once famous journal a good deal of its old popularity.

French theatrical critics have strange ideas: one of them describes a concert as being full of "torrents of harmony, fireworks of notes, and hurricanes of sonority!" Another, (Jules Janin), in deploring that more vaudevilles are not just now produced at the

theatres, says, "What is to be done, what is to become of the world? The intellect of humanity reposes when the intellect of France is inactive!"

[We are indebted for the following to a countryman who has just returned from a visit to Paris.]

PARIS, dull as usual in August, appears gay enough to an occasional visitant, even after all the changes of the past two years; indeed, if the shopkeepers in the Palais National are to be believed, business has lately resumed its usual course, and if one could take the scrubby poles that remain of the "Trees of Liberty" for May-poles, and shut one's eyes to the perpetual and wearying recurrence of the three abused words, *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité* (the cost of painting which must have materially contributed to the derangement of the national finances) one would be scarcely conscious of a change. To be sure a blouse makes its appearance occasionally where a blouse would never have intruded before, and one is made sensible of the presence in the capital of a vast number of troops. At the theatres there is not much novelty just now—the Porte St. Martin has fallen back upon the *Biche au bois*—the *Historique* is wearying its audiences with the *Chevalier d'Harmental*, one of the longest and quite the dullest of all the dramas I ever saw. At the *Vandeville*, the *Foire aux Idées* has been forced to divide popularity with *Une semaine à Londres*, which bids fair, I think, *mutatis mutandis*, to amuse Adelphi audiences as much as it does those of the *Rue Vivienne*. The adventures of a pleasure-seeking party are humorously depicted, and of course all sorts of people who would not or ought not to meet, find themselves hurried off together at the ringing of the imperative bell at the station—runaway husbands and pursuing wives, an ill-assorted newly-married couple and the lady's lover—a ruined communist and his indignant and defrauded landlord—are all thrust together into one carriage, in which a most amusing scene takes place, the *tracasseries* arising in a tunnel not forgotten. This scene, which is capitally managed, passed off amidst roars of laughter, as did one that takes place in an hotel, on the party's arrival in London, where they are prevented from doing anything to amuse themselves, *parceque c'est Sunday*. English cookery is of course not forgotten, the Chinese Junk is represented, and the excursionists are taken to Covent Garden Theatre to see a *Pantomime* (!) Here they appear in the boxes, and sing "God save the Queen," as a compliment to the English, a sort of hybrid between Pantomime and Ballet being introduced on the stage. They finally miss the boat on their return, and the piece concludes with the arrival of the whole party at Paris in a balloon. There is another piece that should not be lost sight of by the adapter; it is playing at the *Montansier, olim Palais Royal* Theatre, and is called *Un Oiseau de Passage*; the principal part is most amusingly played by Grassot.

The Hippodrome has produced a novelty that I must not omit to mention—the Bull-Game of Spain, not the Bull Fight, be it remembered. The manner of it is this—a bull, apparently trained to the fun, is turned into the arena, with his horns masked, but still a rough and dangerous playmate. He is provoked by the *matadors* to run at them, and the blow, or rather butt, of his head is avoided with considerable adroitness—sometimes by falling flat—at others by leaping over his head, and occasionally, when closely pursued, by vaulting over the barricade that encloses the arena. There is an uncertainty and variety about all this that makes it extremely amusing, and although a blow from the bull's head would be somewhat serious, so quick and agile are the performers who engage in the sport, that there appears little fear of any unpleasant results. The bulls, of which there are seven or eight, let out in turns, are of a much smaller breed than ours. In spite of all that has happened, you see Paris still lifts up her head with unblushing gaiety, and has managed pretty successfully to smooth the wrinkles that revolution have indented on her forehead.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Sarawak.—Accounts to near the end of June, state that Rajah Brooke had concluded a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu, including an agreement for the suppression of piracy. It would appear that the pirates of Sakaran and Sarebas (see Captain Keppel's work, published by Chapman and Hall) are again in sufficient force to require another strong expedition to reduce them to order. It is to be hoped that the gallant Captain may be back from China in the *Meander* in time to take as brilliant a share in this service as he performed in the former. Labuan is represented to have suffered much from climatal diseases.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE PEACE CONGRESS AT PARIS.

No little curiosity was excited in the fashionable *Chaussée d'Antin* at Paris, on Wednesday and Thursday last, by the crowd of English and American visitors who swarmed along to the Peace Congress in the *Salle Sainte Cecile*; and among them the (for Paris) strangely attired quakers and quakeresses excited most attention. There were representatives of several nations at the Congress, but, both of Congressists and spectators, the English formed the large majority. In the absence of the Archbishop of Paris, prevented by indisposition, Victor Hugo presided; and the Post-Legislator delivered a long and eloquent speech, in which he demonstrated the excellence of peace, and predicted the eventual success of the great peace movement. The time, he said, will come when it will be considered as atrocious and absurd to have war between Paris and London, Vienna and Turin, as it would now be considered for Amiens to go to war with Arras, or Boston with Philadelphia. He stated that since the conclusion of the last European war, not less than, what he rightly called, the "monstrous sum" of 128,000,000,000 francs had been spent by different European powers in maintaining armies to be ready for war; and he called on his hearers to reflect on the colonies that might have been founded, the commercial fleets that might have been launched, the ports that might have been formed, the bogs that might have been drained, the misery that might have been destroyed, the encouragement that might have been given to science, literature, art,—in a word, all the good that might have been done with that immense sum. He concluded with an earnest and feeling exhortation to encourage fraternity among nations. "Let us say," he cried, "let us say to the Frenchman, Englishman, Belgian, Italian, German, to Europe and America, 'Be brethren!' Many other speeches were delivered, and among them one by the Rev. J. Burnett, showing the absurdity of war, and ridiculing the antiquated idea of Englishman and Frenchman being natural enemies, excited loud applause. The proceedings on the second day were even more interesting than on the first, Mr. Cobden and other leading members of the Congress having been inscribed to speak.

Notwithstanding the difficulty which existed from one part of the audience not understanding English, and the other not understanding French, the business of the Congress passed off, on the whole, admirably well; and it was specially pleasing to the English delegates to find that an expression of the desire for a friendly union between England and France, made by an Englishman, was enthusiastically applauded by the French; when (as occurred in the course of Mr. Burnett's speech) the full meaning of such an observation was not at once seized, it was immediately translated, and then a shout arose, long and hearty.

At present we refrain from observation on this subject, though happy will that generation be which may see realized the glowing vision of Béranger:—

"J'ai vu la paix descendre sur la terre
Tendant de l'or, des fleurs, et des épis,
L'air était calme et du Dieu de la guerre
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.
"Ah!" disait-elle, "égaux par la vaillance,
Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe, ou Germain,
Peuples, formez une sainte alliance,
Et donnez-vous la main!"

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. ANTHONY TODD THOMSON.

[In the hurried notice of the demise of our much esteemed friend, a cherished intellectual associate of many years, and a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, both on scientific subjects* and in poetical or lighter effusions, we promised to return to our mournful task, and lay before the public a more complete biographical sketch of one who filled so considerable a sphere in society in so honourable a manner. Of professional eminence, distinguished by his medical writings, and highly appreciated in his private life, especially by a wide circle of literary friends, for whose service he was ever ready, we know that the following tribute to his memory will be acceptable to a very numerous class of readers, who unite with us in lamenting his loss.—Ed. L. G.]

DR. THOMSON was born in Edinburgh in the year 1778. His father had early in life migrated from Scotland to America, where he obtained the post of commissioner of customs to the town of Savannah, and enjoyed at the time of his son's birth a considerable income from that office. Upon the return of Mr. Thomson to America, he was accompanied by his family, and Dr. Thomson often recalled the impressions produced by that country before its separation from England; the different mode of living in Georgia, and the voyage back again to England, when his father, firm in his allegiance to the English government, had thrown up his employments, and become an American Royalist. Mr. Thomson was at that time postmaster-general of the province of Georgia, and a member of the government council. His wife, Dr. Thomson's mother, was an American lady, and her family owned considerable property in Georgia. It was therefore no slight sacrifice to retire to Edinburgh upon a small pension, granted as an equivalent for an income of several thousands a year, by the English government. The step, however, obtained for Mr. Thomson's family an excellent education, and a return to their family connexions, which were of the highest respectability. Dr. Thomson was sent at an early age to the High School of Edinburgh; and he always spoke with gratitude of the benefit he derived from the system of tuition there, combined with a careful superintendence at home; and so convinced was he of the advantages of uniting a home residence with the buffeting and stimulus of a large public school, (resembling in that respect Dr. Arnold, who has pronounced it to be the most perfect system of education,) that he adopted a similar plan with his younger sons, and never permitted them to leave home until they were old enough to enter at an English university. In the High School he was in the same class with Francis Horner; and mingled intimately with many others whose names have since been honoured in their generation. In his boyish days he formed the valued friendship of Henry Cockburn, the eloquent pleader at the Scottish bar, and now one of the Lords of Session. The career thus honourably commenced was honourable to its close; Dr. Thomson's rise to a name in his profession was achieved by looking to the public alone as his patrons; he sought no advancement through private interest, but rested solely on his own exertions. The College of Edinburgh was in his time at its climax of prosperity: Gregory and Black were living, and Dr. Thomson had the privilege of being their pupil. After passing through his academic career, he became a member of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, and here he formed the valued acquaintance of Lord Brougham. Dr. Thomson then graduated as a physician in Edinburgh; but pecuniary considerations precluded his beginning at that line of his profession to which he always aspired. He settled as a general practitioner in Chelsea, and practised there for twenty-five years with very great success; always, however, disliking the mode of practice, and sighing for the time when he should be emancipated from a life of incessant toil and drudgery. During this period, nevertheless, he formed the basis of his future reputation by the most indefatigable study of his profession. He published, during his residence in Chelsea, three important works,—the *Conspectus*, a little book which has been translated into every

European language, and gone through fifteen or sixteen editions. The copyright of this work was sold by the author to Mr. Underwood, the bookseller, for 20l., and re-purchased at Mr. Underwood's sale, by the late Mr. Longman, for 600l., and has since continued to yield a good profit to its publishers. His next production was the *London Dispensatory*, which has gone through eleven editions, and is known wherever a medical practitioner exists in this country. Dr. Thomson became, jointly with Dr. Burrowes, editor of the *Medical Repository*, in which he wrote not only many valuable essays and criticisms, but also a monthly retrospect of the progress of medicine, which may be regarded as possessing an historical value. His engagements were such at this time as to compel him to snatch from sleep many precious hours. He rose at four or five, and wrote whilst others slept; and these habits of hard work were never, until the winter before his death, entirely abandoned. His practice introduced him into a great variety of social circles, in which his intelligence as well as the high respect which he always inspired, and the dignity of his manners, rendered him acceptable. Amongst his early patients, the late accomplished Earl of Guildford was numbered. At his Lordship's table Dr. Thomson met the Kembles and other celebrated personages; and he often reverted to the amusement which he found in that somewhat convivial as well as intellectual *coterie*, in recalling the reminiscences of former days. As he enlarged his acquaintances, he gradually fell in with the society of those whose minds were congenial to his own—the scientific and the lettered,—yet no man was happier with the good, whether gifted or not, than Dr. Thomson. The heart and the principles were in his esteem of far more price even than the highest attainments or the brightest talents. Before quitting Chelsea, Dr. Thomson made those close researches into the physiology of plants, the result of which appeared first in his *Lectures on Botany*, published by Longman and Co.; and, secondly, in a treatise on *Vegetable Physiology*, issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge. At one time it was proposed by Lord Brougham, and contemplated by himself, that he should write a portion of the notes to his Lordship's edition of *Paley*, referring to the evidence of design in the structure of plants, but this scheme was frustrated by a temporary illness of Dr. Thomson, which compelled him to go abroad for some months. His microscopic investigations were so minute and continued as to injure his eyesight, and to compel, for the first time, shortly after his publication of the *Lectures on Botany*, the use of glasses. In 1826 he became one of the first professors in the University of London, as it was then called, and held the chairs of *materia medica* and of medical jurisprudence until his death. He had at this time commenced practice as a physician, and he took advantage of the greater leisure thus procured to write his *Lectures on Materia Medica*: the substance has since been published in a work of two volumes by Messrs. Longman. The labour in compiling these was very great, and was accompanied by that of collecting, within the walls of University College, at his own expense, amounting in the course of years to nearly a thousand pounds, a Museum of *Materia Medica*. This indeed was a source of pleasure as well as of trouble; for Dr. Thomson was an enthusiast in every thing that he undertook. He resolved to raise that branch of medical science on which he lectured, and he fully succeeded in the attempt. His museum became an attraction to many who delighted in tracing its progress. The late Lord Auckland, during his occasional visits to University College, lingered many a half-hour listening to Dr. Thomson's explanations of his preparations. Liebig pronounced the museum to be *unique*; and a high tribute was paid to it many years since by one of Dr. Thomson's most distinguished colleagues, Dr. Grant, who declared it in one of his lectures to be a beautiful result of knowledge and zeal. Dr. Thomson was happy when engaged in his efforts at the University; he delighted in his class. He was personally attached

to many of his pupils, and aided them, when able, through life. He was on cordial terms with his colleagues, whose distress during his last illness, and endeavours to prevent his mind from being harassed by reflecting upon duties unfulfilled, afforded an affecting testimony to their regard. He lived with them in union, and separated from them all in perfect amity and with mutual sorrow. "If I get well," he often exclaimed during his illness, "I shall show them how much I have felt their kindness to me when I was ill."

When the London University was first opened, Dr. Thomson had the satisfaction of numbering many tried friends, since dead, amongst its professors;—Sir Charles Bell was the first professor of surgery Dr. Edward Turner, of chemistry; and for Mr. Leonard Horner, the warden, Dr. Thomson always felt a sincere regard. Between Dr. Turner and Dr. Thomson the most intimate friendship existed. It was Dr. Thomson's painful office to attend that distinguished friend in his last illness, and to follow him, a sincere mourner, to his grave; and such was his regard for his excellent colleague that he never ceased to lament his loss, and to speak of him often with tears. They were associated together in the times most adverse to the University College, and they co-operated in their efforts to keep its professors at that period together, to restore the institution to the almost unexampled prosperity which attended its commencement. Mr. Panizzi was another of Dr. Thomson's intimate associates; and M. De Morgan, the celebrated mathematician, Mr. Long, and Mr. Key, were among those friends and colleagues for whom he cherished a sincere regard and respect. The prosperous and beneficial career of these able men was a frequent source of satisfaction to their brother professor. Among the medical teachers, Dr. Grant, the justly celebrated zoologist, one of the most excellent of men as well as of philosophers, and Dr. Lindley, the distinguished botanist, alone remain of the original professors of the London University. Such were the happy and friendly terms with which the subject of this memoir stood with his academic associates. With his professional brethren his relations were equally happy. Amongst his personal friends he was so fortunate as to number many of the first literary and scientific characters of the time; and to these there was no change, except such as increased and tried confidence brings. Whilst he was ill, it was found impossible to remember any one with whom he was at variance. Had the name of any person been recalled towards whom he felt any enmity, or who might have been pained or injured by any act of his, it was his wish to seek for a reconciliation at that time.

In addition to his other literary avocations, Dr. Thomson undertook, three years since, to translate from the French and to edit Salvetti's work on the philosophy of magic, adding to it many valuable original notes; and weeding from its pages such passages as might mislead the reader upon religious subjects. For it may here be mentioned, that Dr. Thomson's various investigations had confirmed his faith by enlarging that view of universal design which is exhibited in the structure of the smallest plant, as in the wonderful discoveries of chemistry and physiology. A walk with him was peculiarly instructive; from a blade of grass he could draw a convincing proof of Omnipotent benevolence. He delighted in those researches which lead most directly to such conclusions. During his last illness, the fruits of these habitual reflections appeared. "How can any one," he remarked one morning, as he gazed upon the rising sun from his bed-room window, "look upon that and be an atheist?" He considered the explanation of the nervous system, as discovered by Sir Charles Bell, to be one of the most astounding exhibitions of design that the human mind could conceive. His views on this point, as well as his extensive reading and almost inconceivable diversity of knowledge, may be gathered from his notes to *Thomson's Seasons*, which were begun first for the benefit of his family, but finished as an amusement to his leisure hours, and published about two years

* Some years ago he communicated a series of papers, much valued for their excellent principles and advice, on the subject of Diet and preservation of health.

since. His little work on the *Domestic Duties of the Sick-Room*, also exemplifies what he conceived to be the duty of a physician under certain circumstances. All show the soundness of his views and purity of his faith. This feature of his intellectual character—the profound faith—united to a reasoning inquiring spirit, is dwelt upon not as a boast, but with a deep satisfaction, by those who now reflect how far it exceeds in value all other fruits of knowledge. His faith was not only wholly devoid of bigotry, but was united to a great humility and apprehensiveness as to his own spiritual condition. During his last, it may almost be called his *only* illness, so favoured had his life been, his mind became more and more elevated as his frame sank. It was on Christmas day that the fatal cough first became apparent to his family. On New Year's day, Dr. Thomson was unable to dine with some friends whom he highly valued; on the 7th of January, his birth-day, he was confined to bed. His complaint was pronounced to be bronchitis; he then took a desponding view of his own case, and those who watched him feared lest his spirits, rather than his health, should sink. He rallied, however, and went into the country for a short time, in the hope of regaining strength. But the severe weather of February and March, combined with exertions too soon renewed, concurred to check all improvement. During March he spent several days at Hampstead. Fresh symptoms had there distressed him, and he imparted his conviction to one the most deeply interested in his recovery, that he should "not live six months." One of his lungs had then become very slightly affected, and he was too well aware of all that might ensue, to deceive himself or others. Still there was much to hope. He again visited Rothamsted Park, near St. Albans, the seat of Mr. Lawes, himself distinguished for his knowledge and discoveries in agricultural chemistry, and again regained in good air and congenial society some portion of strength. He returned on the 2nd of April full of hope and spirits, intending to recommence his lectures and other professional pursuits on the following day. But the axe was already laid to the root of the tree. On the following day, whilst signing certificates at the North London Hospital, he felt chilled. He proceeded, nevertheless, to visit a patient, in conjunction with his old and excellent friend Dr. Young, of Lambeth. Whilst prescribing, he fainted; he rallied, however, and with his usual calmness finished his prescription. On returning home, symptoms of fever and inflammation appeared. No time was lost in resorting to advice; and all that human skill could do to cure, and all that devoted kindness could do to console, was done by his friends Dr. Bright, Dr. Young, and by his relative Dr. Parkes, who watched over him with almost filial care. Three months of alternate hope and suspense followed. The trial of this long illness was lessened by the remarkable patience and high-mindedness of the sufferer. His intellect, beautifully exemplifying the immortal nature of the soul, rose above all physical decay. For the first few weeks he was himself, in spite of much pain, full of hope; when acute symptoms were subdued, and still he did not recover, he became aware of the danger of his condition. As repeated attacks and wasting fever manifested the mournful truth, he then, with manly fortitude, made up his mind to the worst, looked at his condition as it really was, and prepared a mind of the utmost integrity and purity for a sphere where even our highest human virtues shall seem imperfect. Having arranged every worldly concern, he gladly availed himself of those aids which our church proffers, and derived much comfort from the visits of Mr. Burrows, officiating minister at Archbishop Tennyson's chapel. The unspeakable calmness which succeeded the habitual cheerfulness, the pious resignation, the consideration for others, the interest in all absent friends, and the comfort in all who watched his death-bed, cannot be described, but are here touched upon in the hope that other sufferers, and other mourners, will not fear too greatly such a disclosure of the truth to those who are dangerously ill, but will believe that

in many cases it tranquillizes the agitated mind, and promotes rather than retards such efforts as are made to effect a cure. The mind thus highly endowed was conscious to the very last. The spirit so chastened and prepared was permitted to "depart in peace."

Dr. Thomson was interred at Pervivale, near Ealing, in a rural church-yard—such was his wish,—and his funeral was attended solely by his own family and his four oldest colleagues and friends in University College—Dr. Grant, Dr. Sharpey, Mr. Quain, and Professor Graham. But a number of the students found their way to the retired spot, and stood over his grave as it received his remains. His charities were very unostentatious, but very extensive. Perhaps none will feel his loss more than a class of humble, respectable, in some instances almost genteel poor, too poor to pay for advice, and above the class who could comfortably repair to public institutions; to them he liberally gave advice and aid, deeming such efforts among the privileges of the physician.

Sir Cuthbert Sharpe.—Our fears, already made known in the *L. G.*, have been but too swiftly realized. Sir Cuthbert Sharpe died on Friday, the 17th, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he held the office of Collector of Her Majesty's Customs. A zealous antiquary and most excellent man, his research and published contributions to the literature and archaeology of the North of England gave him a high standing in general esteem, both as a gentleman of ancient family and worth, and an accomplished author. We shall endeavour to provide a suitable memoir of his life and writings.

Miss Clara Moore, the author of several justly popular publications for juvenile improvement, died on the 12th, lamented by all who knew her.

Mr. John Martin, during forty-two years Clerk and Collector to the Royal Society of Antiquaries, died on the 17th instant.

Mr. M. A. Nuttall, the well known bookseller of Bedford Street, died at Jersey, on the 19th, after an illness of only a few hours. On the 22nd, Mr. Alexander Maxwell, the Law Bookseller, died also, aged 73.

Aston Key, Esq., F.R.S., one of the most distinguished surgeons of London, has fallen a victim to cholera. On Wednesday morning he was in good health; on Thursday morning dead. He was Senior Surgeon at Guy's Hospital, Surgeon in Ordinary to Prince Albert, and the author of several publications on surgical science, held in the highest estimation by the profession.

MUSIC.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—This house closed on Saturday last with the customary ovation of the "National Anthem," the solo parts being taken by the three *prime donne*, Sontag, Alboni, and Parodi, all of whom deserve a compliment for their excellent English. Sontag has gained immensely by her tasteful singing of the music of the *Nozze*, which to our notion has been the most successful of her performances, and contributed great *éclat* to the *finale* of the season.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—Three extra performances have been given here, at reduced prices of admission; the operas being the *Prophète*, part of the *Huguenots*, and on Friday, as the final farewell, *Don Giovanni*, in which Viardot sang for first time in this country the part of *Zerlina*, Grisi retaining her celebrated rôle of *Donna Anna*.

This season ends the three which were undertaken at the commencement of the spirited and arduous campaign of the Royal Italian Opera. We will not enter upon all the hopes and doubts and fears that have been from time to time excited concerning its success; neither will we catalogue the sums of capital expended and sunk, or the *quasi* ruin of a well-known amateur of more enthusiasm than prudence. These are all matters for gossip. The grand feature not to be overlooked is, that a lyrical establishment, on a scale of unprecedented magnificence and perfection in every respect, has been maintained for the term specified at the outset, during three years of extraordinary com-

mercial depression; and having, as its rival, the oldest, the most aristocratic, and the most fashionable resort of the metropolis, "The Opera," possessing, too, in addition to an excellent *troupe*, of which some members are without equals, a singer more fascinating and popular than ever has been heard. This is a great fact, and while it affords us the satisfaction of perceiving the increased advance in music, one of the most humanising of pursuits, it will make us more proud of our country, to which now all must yield the palm in this as in everything else. Not, however, that we would claim the merit of individual genius for our countrymen, but rather that the finest feeling and the most enthusiastic love for the art exist amongst us, as is proved by the liberal support and patronage it receives from all classes. Perhaps the greatest feather in the cap of the Royal Italian Opera is Alboni. No one can have forgotten the *furor* excited by her singing of the "In si barbara sciagura," in the *Scirimamide*, on the first night of the first season; it was more piquant than anything we remember, because she was totally unknown here, and was introduced without the slightest note of preparation. From that moment she became the favoured vocalist she is. Viardot Garcia can hardly be said to be the *protégée* of the Royal Italian Opera, for she had been heard during her pupillage at Her Majesty's Theatre, but to the Covent Garden direction must be given the merit of having brought her forward, and given her the opportunity of raising herself to the very highest rank of dramatic singers.

Salvi had not been heard in opera before in this country, and though he came too late, he yet gratified us by showing the finished artist. His performance of *Edgardo*, in the *Lucia*, with Persiani, must long be remembered with delight; his *Pollio*, too, in *Norma*, is perhaps the best that has been heard, manly and vigorous in treatment, with good touches of feeling, and what is called conscientious singing of the music.

Then we come to Mlle. Angri, the *débütante* of the season just closed. She must be spoken of as a singer of very uncommon powers. If we were merely to say that she has followed Alboni in all her great parts, it would be a great compliment. If in her performances we have occasionally felt a little want of refinement and grace in singing, it has been compensated by her admirable "verve," and original treatment of parts, while her power of voice and rapidity of execution are quite surprising. She is in every respect a credit to the Royal Italian Opera.

Miss Catherine Hayes is another *débütante* as a soprano, and has taken the parts of *Linda*, of *Lucia*, and of *Bertha*, in the *Prophète*, with considerable success. Mlle. de Meric, too, the contralto, also new this season, must not be forgotten; although but seldom performing, yet what has been undertaken by her has always been well done, and in concerts she is a very agreeable singer.

Grisi, Mario, Persiani, and Tamburini's fame was well established long before the Royal Italian Opera was thought of, and we can add no lustre to the diadem they wear. We cannot, however, suppress some regrets in connexion with them. Grisi has not been heard in the *Facorita*, nor in *Elcira* in the *Paritani*, the latter, certainly one of her most delightful impersonations, and in which the celebrated Polacca named "Grisi's" occurs. Persiani has not sung the part of *Ancanida* in the *Tancredi*, with which every one was so unexpectedly charmed last season; neither have we heard her in the *Lucia*, the music of which she sings in a style of *fleur-de-rose* and beauty quite surpassing all competitors.

The most attractive operas produced have been the *Massaniello*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Les Huguenots*, and last the great *coup* of the season, *Le Prophète*.

There is some talk of the house opening again next season with the same *troupe*, and under Costa's able direction. Whether this happen or no, we may confidently look forward to a brilliant opera season next year; till then Italians desert us, some for St. Petersburg, some for Madrid, others for the Havannah, and some for our own provinces.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COME, KISS ME AND BE FRIENDS.

LISETTE. put off that angry look, I cannot bear to see
A cloud upon that face whereon sweet smiles were wont
to be;
A careless word, a thoughtless jest, in reckless humour
spoken—
And off, alas! the brightest links in friendship's chain are
broken.
And is it thus that we must part? No; I will make
amends,
For mine, I own, is all the blame—Come, kiss me and be
friends!

II.
Oh! think how many changing years have come and
pass'd away,
Since first we met, since first we loved, two baby-girls at
play;
And how, as life's career advanced, by youth's gay scenes
surrounded,
From sport to sport with lightsome steps and lighter
hearts we bounded.
And do I love thee less to-day? No; I will make amends,
And thou! thou wilt not say me nay—Come, kiss me and
be friends!

III.
The world is but a dreary place—a dreary place wherein
A blighted heart will little find that's worth its pains to
win;
No future joy, nor new-formed tie, however bright their
seeming,
Shall ever wholly sweep away the memory's bitter
dreaming.
The Past! it is a magic word—its magic never ends
Its thralldom o'er the human heart—Come, kiss me and
be friends!

IV.
How fair a sight is it to see (when summer days draw nigh)
The gladsome sunbeam chase away the dark cloud from
the sky;
But fairer far than this—than aught—that with its charm
beguiles us,
Is that sweet smile of hearts estranged—the smile that
reconciles us.
And thou, Lisette, art smiling now, and here our quarrel
ends;
I read forgiveness on thy brow—Come, kiss me—we are
friends!

JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

SYMPATHY.

Oh, to see one's own emotion
Make another's cheek burn bright!
Oh, to mark one's own devotion
Fill another's eye with light!
Tears are types of woe and parting,
But o'er woe a charm is thrown,
When from other eyes are starting
Tears that mingle with our own.
Never sweeter—never dearer—
Seems the world and all it holds,
Than when loving hearts see clearer
All that "Sympathy" unfolds!
Every thought, and look, and feeling—
Every passion we can name
Still a second-self revealing!
Still another—yet the same!

CHARLES SWAIN.

MERCY AND FORGIVENESS.

Nor one, though much alike, and in their end
Nearly allied as hunger is to thirst,
Are Mercy and Forgiveness. While the first
The power possessed to punish doth suspend,
Through pity of their weakness who offend;
The other is, of gentler nature, nursed
By love and consciousness, that they are cursed
Of Heaven who pardon not an erring friend!
The one has attributes of majesty;
A sister of the universal Powers
That rule the world and thunder in the sky.
The other, crowned with humbler grace, is ours
To rule the motions of our lip and eye,
And quench the flame of wrath ere it devours!

Q.

THE WISH.

WHEE the Angel of Death calls my spirit away
From this scene of faults, follies, and woes;
I ask no proud monument's pompous display,
To blazon my bed of repose.
Far from me be such cold marble mockeries as these!
No! from *Nature* the mourners I crave!
Her wild-flowers to sigh, as they wave in the breeze,
And a willow to weep o'er my grave!
And oh! 'mid the many who flatter and smile,
And will smile none the less when I'm gone;
May some few—the few whom I love! grieve awhile,
Some bosoms feel aching and lone!
May I live in the moonlight of memory's sphere,
When the sun of existence shall set;
Enshrined in the hearts of the friends I hold dear,
And embalmed in their tears of regret!

ELEANOR DART.

ORIGINAL,

AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS ON THE WEATHER,
SEASONS, AND HUSBANDRY.They are plouting geese for their dinners in Scotland, and
sending their feathers here.* Spoken in England on a
snowy day.

Rouge soir et blanc matin,
Rend joye au cœur des pèlerins. French.
If the wind blows on you through a hole,
Make your will and take care of your soul.

If blue the morning sky appear,
The day will be serene and clear;
But if red clouds with black prevail,
Expect a storm of rain or hail.

When the sun's beams are broad and red,
Some boisterous weather you may dread.

As the days shorten
The heat is *supper*.

If round the moon a circle's seen
Of white, and all the sky serene,
The following day you may divine
Will surely prove exceeding fine.

Dec. Jan. and Aug. month full xix. calends have;
Sep. June, Nov. and Apr. twyse ix. desire;
xvi. foule Februarie hath, no more can he well
crave;
Oct. May, and July hote, but xvii. doe require.

To July, Mar. Oct. May, vi. nones I hight,
The rest but iv., as for your ides they ask but eight.

A rainbow at *meat*,Is a sign of *weat*;

A rainbow at morn,

Is a sign of none.

Whistling maidens, crooning kye, and a crawling
hen,
Were never none o' them canny about a town end.

This proverb appears generally to allude to such
of the fair sex as adopt unfeminine manners, a
thing revolting to good sense.

If the hen moult before the cock,
There is sure to be weather as hard as a block;
But if the cock moults before the hen,
The weather will not wet your shoes' soime.

When a cow's in the clout, (purse,)

She soon gets out—i. e., the price of a cow in the
purse is soon spent.

A right easterly wind
Is very unkind.

Up hill spare me,
Down hill forbear me,
Plain way spare me not,
Nor let me drink when I am hot. Spoken of a
horse.

The cow little giveth
That *hardly* liveth.

'Tis the farmer's care
That makes the fields to bear.
Better ride, when saddles lack,
On a pad than on a bare horse's back.

Signs for nought
Are a sign of drought.
With wind in the north
No fisherman goes forth;
The wind in the west
Is what fishermen like best;
The wind in the east
Then fishes bite the least;
The wind in the south
Blows the bait in at the fishes' mouth.

THE NORTH COUNTRY FARMER'S SOLILOQUY ON THE
PROSPECTS OF HIS HAY-HARVEST.

Wilt thou be hay?

Nay!

Wilt thou be fodder? (fodder)

I'll be *nother*!Wilt thou be *muck*?

That's my luck!!

IF! IF! IF!

If I had gold in goupins,†

If I had money in store,

If I had gold in goupins,

My laddie should work no more.

He should have a maid to wait upon him,

Another to curl his hair;

He should have a man to buckle his shoe,

And then he should work na' mair.

P. B. 1849.

M. A. D.

* In Scotland it runs—

The folks in the East
Are plucking their geese,
And sending a' the feathers to us.
† i. e., Handfuls.

VARIETIES.

Tessellated Pavement.—At Cirencester, always
celebrated for the large quantities of Roman remains
at different times found there, a piece of tessellated
pavement of very beautiful workmanship has just
been uncovered opposite the office of the *Wills
Standard*, in Dyer-street. Two pieces have been
uncovered; one of fine texture and workmanship.
It consists of a series of circles and half-circles,
of about four feet in diameter each, with the colours,
red, black, and white, very fresh. In the inner
circle are three dogs—one larger and two smaller,
in full stretch after something, but the game
they are following is *gone*. In the half circle is a
winged dragon about to swallow a dolphin. The
borders of the circles are composed of the stones
worked into the shape of two convoluted ropes, with
a Grecian border, round the outside. In the space
between the circles is the grotesque face of a man,
with a pendant in the lower lip, of an orange colour,
and in the next circle or half circle, for it is but
partially uncovered, there is a smaller face, though as
yet only one half of it is visible, but from the mildness
and comparative placidity of the eyes, it is presumed
to be the representation of a female. The whole of
the pavement lies under the public thoroughfare, but
we are informed* that when this office was built, a
piece was dug out when laying the foundation, and in
the house on the other side of the street, the residence
of E. Smith, Esq., a fine piece is yet to be seen in
the cellar. On proceeding higher up the street, the
workmen came to a series of pottery, consisting of
tiles and pipes of very great substance, and in good
preservation, till opposite the residence of J. R. Smith,
Esq., surgeon, another piece of tessela was found, of
coarser workmanship, and which appears to have
been used as ante-room to a bath, perhaps, as the
pipes are presumed to have been conveyors of water
or hot air to some hypocaust near the spot. The
designs are worked together in classical taste, with
scrolls and knots of various descriptions, and as the
cleared portion is still open for public inspection,
antiquarians, and others interested in works of ancient
art, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity
of inspecting these interesting relics of ancient
Corinnum. We believe that it is the intention of the
commissioners to have it got up in as entire a state
as possible, and to consign it to the Museum here.
The stones or composition of which the tessela
are formed, are set in a kind of cement, which lies on
the top of about two inches of burnt clay or tile. The
whole has been covered with a light kind of gravel
or yellow mortar, for about three inches, on which is
about six inches of rubbish, then there is a stratum
of pitching of later date, and afterwards some rubbish,
then another coat of pitching of later date still, and
on this the macadamised materials of the present
road, so that the Roman pavement lies about four
feet below the present level.—Since the foregoing
was written a larger breadth has been cleared, and the
former portion of the tessela is found to be fifteen
feet square, containing a centre circle surrounded by
four segments, contained in the usual cable moulding.
The four right angles are occupied by heads, one of
which is that of a Gorgon. It is supposed to have
been the site of an important villa, as the same design
extends some distance. The whole is being traced.

Physico-Statistical Maps.—Reference to our
Report of the meeting of the British Association at
Swansea, will remind readers of the exhibition there,
by Mr. Petermann, of maps so constructed on new
principles as to attract the marked approbation of
statisticians and geographers. Two of these composi-
tions have just been published, and we think, fully
warrant the praise which was given to the design.
It is true, that for Universal Geography, all the works
which have appeared, put together, fall short of Captain
Mangles' most laborious and extraordinary perfor-
mance; but, for particular purposes, Mr. Petermann's
work is a very useful and efficient contribution to our
sources of knowledge. The first map is so contrived

* The *Wills and Gloucestershire Standard* newspaper,
from which this notice is taken.—Ed. L. G.

as to elucidate, at a single view, the population of the British Isles, from the census of 1841. The size, shape, and colouring of towns show the number of their inhabitants, from ten thousand to the highest rate, and those of the suburbs are also indicated by peculiar markings. A curious diagram delineates the progress and direction of the increase. The second map is hydrographical, and does as much in that science. It is so shaded as to render visible to the sight, the geographical distribution of our inland waters, the drainage, the fall of rain, the tideways, &c., and also the fishing stations, or *Hystography* of Great Britain. Here, also, we have a diagram which exhibits the fall of the principal rivers and the levels of canals. To this brief description we need hardly add, that the author's purposes have been ably carried into effect, and that these maps have a value of their own, intimately connected with intelligence conveyed in a striking manner and novel form, and with the advancement of topographical, statistical, agricultural, and manufacturing pursuits.

Rochester Cathedral.—Respecting Mr. Whiston, the head master of the King's School, at Rochester, whose publication of alleged abuses in that diocese (*Literary Gazette*, No. 1692) had brought down the displeasure of the Dean and Chapter on his head, it is now stated in the *Times* that, "The matter has taken a strange turn, for the Dean and Chapter, after cancelling their own instrument of removal, have caused Mr. Whiston to be served with a notice, dated the 10th inst., only two days after the delivery of the Vice-Chancellor's judgment—to the effect that they do not at the present time intend to disturb him in his office of head master, but that they will forthwith serve upon him a citation to appear before themselves and answer to them for having written and published the pamphlet entitled, "Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment,"—a charge upon which they have already condemned him unheard, and sentenced him to removal from his office, as utterly unfit and unworthy to be any longer intrusted with the instruction and superintendence of youth." A Correspondent in the same Journal brought a series of charges against the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for extorting extravagant fees for the sites of tombs in the Abbey; but they have been most satisfactorily refuted by another Correspondent.

Society of British Architects.—At the last meeting of the Institute, on the 16th ult., Earl de Grey, president, in the chair, the premiums and medals of the season were awarded. 1. The royal gold medal to the Chevalier Canina, handed to Mr. Donaldson, with observations on its being a proof of the impartiality and liberality of the Institute to bestow this honour upon a foreigner; and it is certainly a something of the free trade principle, for no foreign nations do the same towards us, but keep their prizes to encourage their native aspirants. 2. The silver medal justly bestowed on Mr. W. Papworth, for his essay on the peculiar character of the Palladian School. 3. Mr. T. Hill, the present of books, for the best series of monthly sketches. A communication from Sir G. Wilkinson (now at Lucerne, on his return from Egypt), on the History and Origin of the Pointed Arch, referred to his observations on the round arches at Thebes, and went into a train of reasoning to show the probability of the pointed arch being of equal antiquity, and in existence thirteen centuries B.C. Sir G. thinks that the Saracens borrowed this form from the Christians, who had learned it in the Thebaid, and exhibited numerous drawings of the transition from the semi-circular through various segments to the pointed. But nothing certain can be determined on the subject. The president described the excavations he is carrying on at Fountains Abbey, which we have already noticed in a preceding *Gazette*. An almost complete plan of this great monastic structure has been brought to view.

Destruction.—A shot is stated, by the *Glasgow Chronicle*, to have been invented in that city by a workman, which is filled with a peculiar powder, and becomes red hot for military purposes within twenty seconds of being fired from the gun!

Etty's Pictures.—At the sale, by Christie and Manson, of the collection of the late Mr. Nicholson, (the brother-in-law of Mr. Hudson,) among other works, the following, by Etty, brought the prices annexed. A Flemish Courtship, recently painted, 152l. 5s. The Bathers, 131l. 5s. A Satyr and Nymphs, reposing in the Shade, 208l. 19s. A Dead Pheasant, 131l. 13s. A Lemon, 19l. 8s. 6d. Cupid and Psyche, 183l. 15s. The Coral Fishers, 388l. 10s. The Graces, 378l. And, To Arms, ye Brave, 472l. 10s. Others of our native artists brought well up. A small picture of a Cow and Calf, by Sidney Cooper, 105l. His View in North Wales, with Goats, &c., so highly praised by us in last year's exhibition, 178l. 10s., and a cheap bargain. Beppo, by Elmore, 183l. 15s.: and lastly, the Bull and Frog, a piece by Nasmyth and E. Landseer, 95l. 11s.

Roman Remains at Colchester.—In the course of the excavations recently made in the premises now occupied by Mr. Bradnack, St. Mary's, Lexden-road, two beautifully perfect sepulchral urns were discovered; but the workman shattered them both by a most unarchæological dab of the spade. Close by the urns were found the skeletons of a man and a horse. Many fragments of pottery have also been turned up; one bearing as its inscription the word "Viducus;" another, "Omri;" and a third decorated with the figure of a tiger rampant in very bold relief.

The Britannia Bridge.—We grieve to have to record a sad accident to this stupendous work, in consequence of the bursting of the cylinder of the vast hydraulic press on the Anglessea side, on Friday the 17th. The explosion is stated to have been dreadful, and the shattered machine fell on the tube below, a descent of eighty-four feet, with a tremendous crash. One poor fellow was miserably crushed by the accident. The calamity is attributed to the defective coating of the cylinder, and it is said that the raising of the tube (now twenty-one feet above its base) will be delayed a month or two, whilst a new one is made and fixed in operation.

Coloured Glass for Botanical Purposes.—The *Liverpool Chronicle*, in its usual Gardeners' column, some weeks ago, referred to the palm conservatory at Kew, in proof of the benefit derived from coloured or tinted glass in the rearing of plants; but we have heard that so far from the experiment having turned out satisfactorily, it has only excited considerable regret that it was not tried on a small, instead of a large and expensive scale—in short, that it has failed; and these great glass houses must be re-glazed with simple glass.

London Clay.—Connected with the surveys previous to entertaining the question on the best mode of reforming the sewerage of the metropolis, it was asserted in the Court of Sewers that a bed of London clay had been ascertained to exist at a point down the river where Dr. Buckland assured the Court on a former occasion that it was not to be found.

Isthmus of Panama.—The New York Chamber of Commerce have, it is said, approved of Whitney's plan for running a railroad across from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The President Steamer.—On the 21st ult., the *Maidstone Journal* states, a bottle was washed ashore at Queenborough, Kent, containing a slip of paper evidently hurriedly torn from a publication, and on which is written, in lead, a statement that the immediate destruction of the vessel and its unfortunate passengers was inevitable.

Curiosities of the Peak of Derbyshire.—The *Derby Mercury*, quoted into the London newspapers, gives a description of a very Old corn mill built between Eyam and Hathersage, of which it says, in conclusion, "altogether this is a most novel and interesting relic of antiquity!"

Gravesend Terrace Pier Gardens.—Rosherville must now buckle on its strength, for on this populous side of Gravesend, grand operations have been completed for opening a rival establishment, with the attractions of performances, singing, a very handsome orchestra, splendid illuminations, and a grand ball on the pier as a saloon. The opening to-day.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

HERBERT MELVILLE, author of *Mardi*, *Typee*, *Omoo*, and other strange productions, which have puzzled everybody to decide to what class of writing they pertained, whether all fiction, or fiction founded on actual adventure, or composition from published voyages dressed up with imagination, or allegory, or satire, or what else, has announced a new work called *Redburn, his First Voyage: being the Sailor Boy's Confessions, &c.* There is so much mystification about this author, that we do not know whether to credit or disbelieve a quotation in the *New York Literary World*, that Herman Melville is his real name; that he is the son of a former Secretary of Legation from the United States to our Government; that he went to sea early in life, and followed it, as the saying is, for a considerable period; and that he is still an athletic young man, married to the daughter of Judge Shaw, and settled in Massachusetts. Dr. Lepsius's long-looked-for work, on the Chronology of Egypt, (first volume,) has at last reached Mr. Madden, the London publisher. It is of great importance, as we observe at a glance, and we trust as soon as possible to make it known to the English public.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
Aug. 25 . . .	12 1 53.8	Aug. 29 . . .	12 0 46.5
26 . . .	1 37.3	30 . . .	0 07.4
27 . . .	1 20.4	31 . . .	0 01.1
28 . . .	1 3.1		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of the 18th, from "Pimlico," is well intended for a puff, but we cannot indulge the writer.

The several misnomers and slight inaccuracies which have crept into our Report of the Chester Congress, shall all be corrected at its close, we anticipate next week, or at any rate, in two short "continuations."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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